THINK, DON'T BLINK
RICHARD A. POSNER

TSUNAMI POLITICS
AMY KAZMIN, RACHEL LOUISE SNYDER

WWW.TNR.COM ▶ JANUARY 24, 2005

THE NEW REPUBLIC

THE ROAD BACK

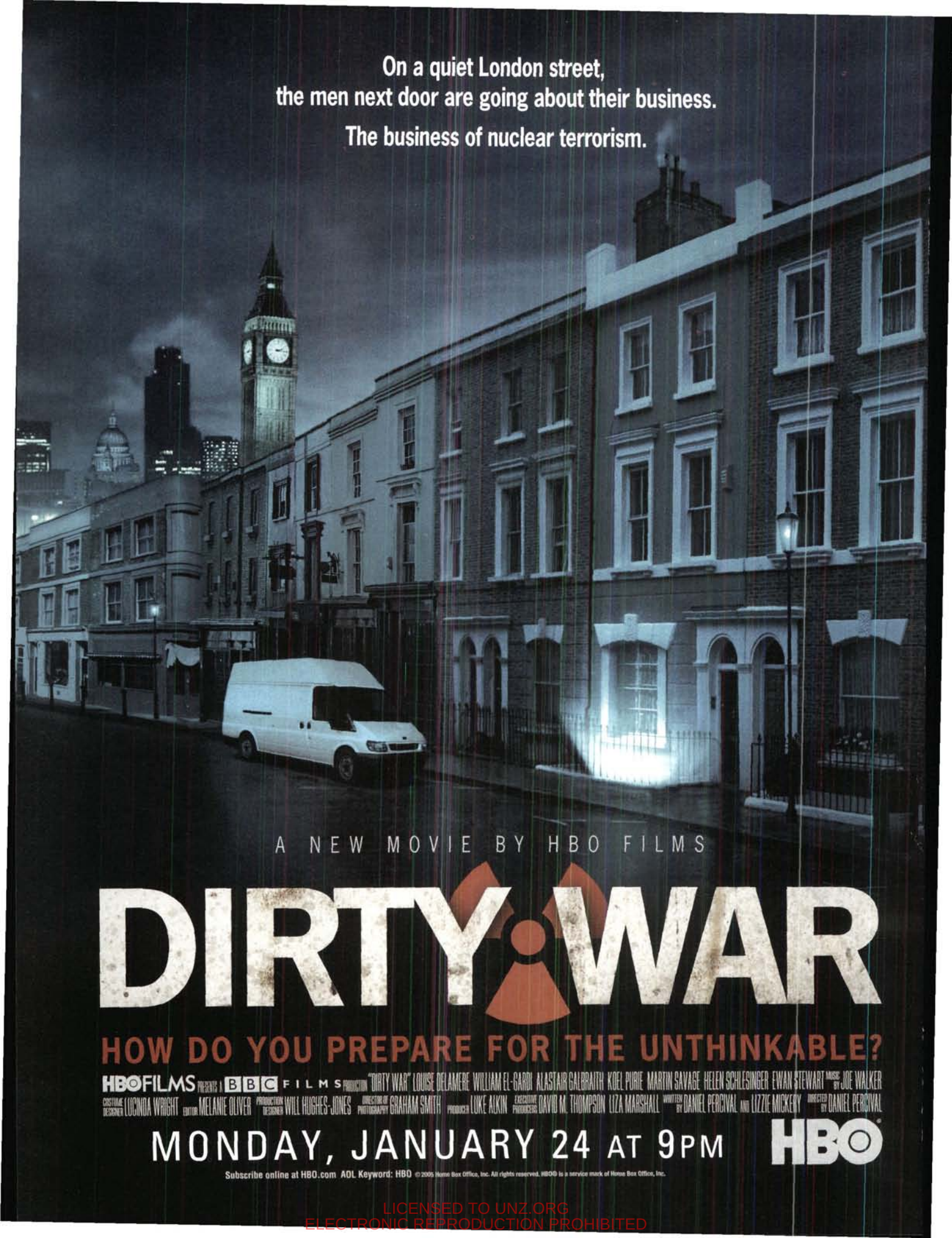
PLAYBOOK
WHAT DEMOCRATS CAN LEARN FROM THE GINGRICH REVOLUTION

MICHAEL CROWLEY
RYAN LIZZA

#BXNRTKG ******AUTO**5-DIGIT 94301
#9070100000554422# 0502 14MAR05 15
RON K UNZ 0001
371 2893-5
555 BRYANT ST
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

04>
$3.95US $3.95CAN
0 71486 01742 4

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


On a quiet London street,
the men next door are going about their business.
The business of nuclear terrorism.
A NEW MOVIE BY HBO FILMS
DIRTY WAR
HOW DO YOU PREPARE FOR THE UNTHINKABLE?
HBO FILMS PRESENTS A BBC FILMS PRODUCTION "DIRTY WAR" LOUISE DELAMERE WILLIAM EL-GARBI ALASTAIR GALBRAITH KOEL PURIE MARTIN SAVAGE HELEN SCHLESINGER EWAN STEWART MUSIC BY JOE WALKER
COSTUME DESIGNER LUCINDA WRIGHT EDITOR MELANIE OLIVER PRODUCTION DESIGNER WILL HUGHES-JONES DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY GRAHAM SMITH PRODUCER LUKE ALKIN EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS DAVID M. THOMPSON LIZA MARSHALL WRITTEN BY DANIEL PERCIVAL AND LIZZIE MICKERY DIRECTED BY DANIEL PERCIVAL
MONDAY, JANUARY 24 AT 9PM
HBO
Subscribe online at HBO.com AOL Keyword: HBO
© 2005 Home Box Office, Inc. All rights reserved. HBO® is a service mark of Home Box Office, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
MARTIN PERETZ

EDITOR Peter Beinart
LITERARY EDITOR Leon Wieseltier
EXECUTIVE EDITOR J. Peter Scoblic
MANAGING EDITOR Jeremy Kahn
FOREIGN EDITOR Joshua Kurlantzick

SENIOR EDITORS
Jonathan Chait, Jonathan Cohn, Michelle Cottle, Michael Crowley, Gregg Easterbrook, Franklin Foer, Ruth Franklin, John B. Judis, Lawrence F. Kaplan, Ryan Lizza, Noam Scheiber, Andrew Sullivan, James Wood, Jason Zengerle

LEGAL AFFAIRS Jeffrey Rosen
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR Adam B. Kushner

TNR ONLINE
Richard Just, Editor
Christiane Culhane, Culture Editor

FILMS Stanley Kauffmann
THEATER Robert Brustein
ART Jed Perl
MUSIC David Hajdu
ARCHITECTURE Martin Filler
DANCE Jennifer Homans
TELEVISION Lee Siegel
POETRY EDITOR Glyn Maxwell

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Fouad Ajami, David A. Bell, Paul Berman, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Nathan Glazer, Anthony Grafton, David Grann, Robert Kagan, Michael Kinsley, Charles Krauthammer, Jeremy McCarter, John McWhorter, Sherwin B. Nuland, Christopher Orr, David Rieff, Maggie Scarf, Ronald Steel, Cass R. Sunstein, Alan Taylor, E.V. Thaw, Helen Vendler, Michael Walzer, Sean Wilentz, Alan Wolfe, Robert Wright

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS
Jack Coughlin, David Cowles, Vint Lawrence, David Schorr

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS
Massoud Ansari, Masha Gessen, Yossi Klein Halevi, Janine Zacharia

ASSOCIATE EDITOR Spencer Ackerman

ART/DESIGN DIRECTION
Joe Heroun, Christine Car/H2C Media

EDITORIAL-CORPORATE COORDINATOR
Laura E. Obolensky

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR AND INFORMATION-TECHNOLOGY DIRECTOR
Bruce Steinke

PRODUCTION MANAGER
Henry Riggs

ASSISTANT EDITORS
Kara Baskin, Marisa Katz, Clay Risen

ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR
Alexander Barnes Dryer

ASSISTANT LITERARY EDITOR
Deborah Friedell

ASSISTANT POETRY EDITOR Melanie Rehak

REPORTER-RESEARCHERS
Telis Demos, Tom Frank, Keelin McDonell

PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER Stephanie Sandberg
GENERAL MANAGER Allen Chin
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR Lori Fleishman Dorr
ONLINE BUSINESS DIRECTOR Ari Gersen
ONLINE MARKETING MANAGER Emilie Harkin

ADVERTISING SALES & MARKETING
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER Richard Parker
DIRECTOR OF ADVERTISING, WEST
Joan Stapleton Tooley
ACCOUNT MANAGER Julie Sturmak
PUBLISHING REPRESENTATIVE
Perry Janoski, Allston-Cherry, Ltd.
MARKETING MANAGER Kate Genser
BUSINESS ASSISTANT Alexandra Scott

TNR/ON SYMPOSIA ON PUBLIC POLICY
Joan Daly

FINANCE & ADMINISTRATION
ACCOUNTING MANAGER Debra Sotelo
ACCOUNTING ASSISTANT Vanessa Wilson
BUSINESS ASSISTANT Grant Loomis

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
ROGER HERTOG, Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ
MICHAEL STEINHARDT

THE NEW REPUBLIC
Updated daily. On the Web at www.tnr.com.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
A JOURNAL OF POLITICS AND THE ARTS

JANUARY 24, 2005 WASHINGTON, D.C. ISSUE 4,697 VOLUME 232

Cover Story

Ryan Lizza **15** **White House Watch: Hardball 101** Democrats think they know how to torpedo President Bush's plan to privatize Social Security: Copy what the Republicans did to Hillarycare.

Michael Crowley **18** **Learning from Newt** Once upon a time, a beleaguered minority used discipline, ruthlessness, and media savvy to overthrow the party that ruled Congress. What today's Democrats can learn from the Gingrich revolution. The Road Back, the third in an occasional series.

Politics & the World

4 **CORRESPONDENCE**
Does Al Qaeda want to conquer the world? &c.

Peter Beinart **6** **TRB** | **Golden** Arnold Schwarzenegger hands the Democrats a great opportunity.

The Editors **7** **On Deadline** In an ideal world, Iraq would not be holding elections on January 30. In the real world, it must.

8 **NOTEBOOK** The scandal at Columbia, &c.

Nathaniel Frank **10** **Stonewalled** The Pentagon wants to fight terrorism. Just not as much as it wants to persecute gays.

Rachel Louise Snyder **11** **Banda Aceh Dispatch: Ashes to Ashes** The tsunami could have been an opportunity for peace in war-torn Aceh. Oh well.

Amy Kazmin **12** **Bangkok Dispatch: Thai Con** Thailand's prime minister will profit politically from the tsunami. Thailand's democracy will suffer.

Martin Peretz **38** **CAMBRIDGE DIARIST** | **Reserving Judgment**

Books & the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann **24** **FILMS** | **Troubled Beauty** *The Merchant of Venice* droppeth as the gentle rain from Michael Radford.

Robert Brustein **25** **THEATER** | **Women of Letters** Remembering Susan Sontag, as theater critic, director, and dramatist; Caryl Churchill's *A Number* is a quick trip around the moral universe.

Richard A. Posner **27** **Blinkered** *Blink: The Power of Thinking Without Thinking* by Malcolm Gladwell

Peter Green **30** **The End of the Affair** *The Life of Graham Greene, Volume III: 1955–1991* by Norman Sherry

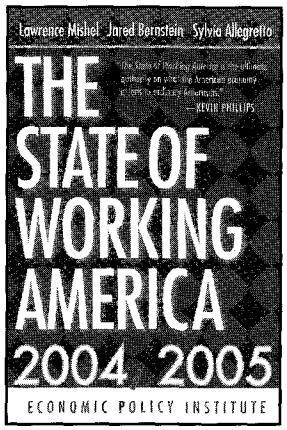
E.V. Thaw **35** **The Art of Money** *Duveen: A Life in Art* by Meryle Secrest

Durs Grünbein **37** **POEM** | *(on the beauty of hematomas)*, translated by Michael Hofmann

COVER ILLUSTRATION BY *Phil Foster*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STATE OF WORKING AMERICA

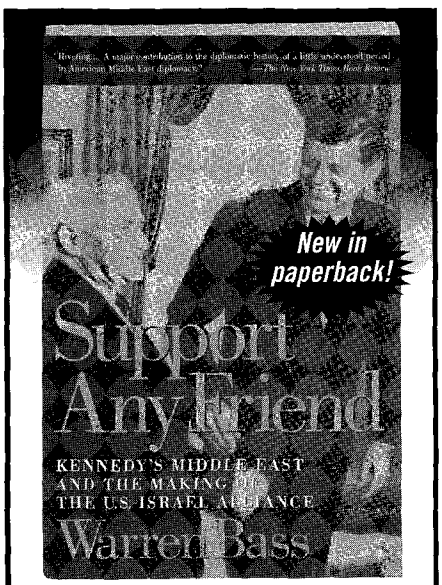


BY LAWRENCE MISHEL, JARED BERNSTEIN & SYLVIA ALLEGRETTO

"...the most comprehensive independent analysis of the U.S. labor market."
— FINANCIAL TIMES

An Economic Policy Institute book
Published by
Cornell University Press

ORDER AT EPINET.ORG
OR CALL 1-800-EPI-4844



"Riveting."
—The New York Times Book Review

"Groundbreaking and engaging."
—The New Republic

"Thoroughly researched and lucidly argued."—*San Francisco Chronicle*

$16.95 **At bookstores everywhere.** www.oup.com/us | OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

CORRESPONDENCE

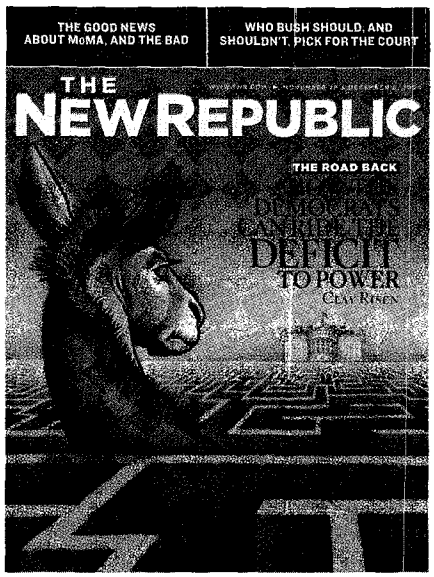
FOREIGN AID

WHILE CLAY RISEN SUGGESTS that Democrats can oppose growing federal deficits by framing them as irresponsible, a more pragmatic approach would be to frame them as a threat to fiscal freedom ("Debt Riders," November 29 & December 6, 2004). Initially, we need freedom from foreign creditors. With foreign creditors funding about 90 percent of the $1 trillion increase in our debt during the last three years, the shift from surplus to deficit under President Bush's tax cuts and increased spending has not returned "the people's money" from Washington to taxpayers, but rather has increased the debt that our taxpayers owe to our foreign creditors.

Like our troops in Iraq, foreign creditors will be viewed less kindly the longer their influence endures. While rising foreign loans to our Treasury may free us in the short run from the cost of new wars, benefits, and tax cuts, in the long run, foreign creditors are more likely to act like (or be seen as) occupiers, rather than liberators, of our economic future. Of course, when foreign creditors withdraw, the domestic creditors who replace them will probably demand higher interest rates. Significant deficit reduction is not likely until the burden of such higher rates on public debt and private mortgages makes debt relief a more potent symbol of freedom than tax relief.

JONATHAN S. GELLMAN
Bronx, New York

CLAY RISEN RESPONDS:
Jonathan S. Gellman is correct to point out that the huge amount of U.S. debt held overseas could convince many voters that the deficit needs to be reduced. But I'm skeptical about how large that sum might actually be. After all, the deficit is already a potential snoozer of a political issue. Trying to explain why it's worse for foreigners to hold U.S. debt rather than American citizens—without also descending into nativism—would be


THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT MoMA, AND THE BAD
WHO BUSH SHOULD, AND SHOULDN'T, PICK FOR THE COURT
THE NEW REPUBLIC
THE ROAD BACK
DEMOCRATS CAN USE THE DEFICIT TO POWER
CLAY RISEN

a tricky exercise. There is risk involved in such an approach as well. One of this country's greatest economic assets is its ability to attract foreign capital; by attacking one of the channels of that investment, there is a decent chance that we could scare off investors in other channels in the process.

HOLY TERROR

IN HIS ARTICLE DESCRIBING THE various factions operating in Nablus, Dan Ephron states that the Israeli Defense Force controlled the area of Joseph's Tomb ("Family Feud," November 29 & December 6, 2004). Forgotten is the fact that Palestinians not only desecrated and destroyed that place sacred to Jews but also that they built a mosque over the ruins. This was an indication of how other Jewish holy places might be treated if they ever fell into the hands of an Arab government in the region. During his lifetime, Yasir Arafat failed to acknowledge even the historical and religious links of the Jewish people to the land of Israel. Protecting Jewish holy places was never a priority for the Palestinian Authority or for Jordan,

THE NEW REPUBLIC (ISSN 0028-6583), Vol. 232, Number 2, Issue 4,697, January 24, 2005. (Printed in the United States on January 13, 2005.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated March 28 & April 4, May 2 & 9, June 6 & 13, July 11 & 18, August 22 & 29, November 28 & December 5, and December 26, 2005 through January 9, 2006) at 1331 H Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20005. Telephone (202) 508-4444. For advertising inquiries, please contact Grant Loomis at (202) 508-4444 or our NY sales office at (212) 465-8447. Yearly subscriptions, $79.97; foreign, $119.97 (U.S. funds). Back issues, $8.00 domestic and $10.00 foreign/Canada (includes postage & handling). © 2005 by The New Republic, LLC. Periodicals postage paid at Washington, D.C., and additional mailing offices. Rights and permissions: fax (202) 628-9383. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. For hard copy reprints, call (202) 508-4444. Microform, Canadian Periodical Index, and CD-ROM are available through ProQuest, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone (800) 521-0600. Postmaster: Send changes of address to The New Republic, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope (e-mail address: letters@tnr.com). For subscription inquiries or problems call (800) 827-1289 or visit our website at www.thenewrepublic.com.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which, after 1948 and before 1967, razed synagogues, desecrated Jewish cemeteries, and destroyed Jewish biblical sites.

NELSON MARANS
Silver Spring, Maryland

GROWTH INDUSTRY

PETER BEINART TRIES EXPLAINING Al Qaeda's fundamental expansionism to skeptical liberals, but he incorrectly limits himself when he claims that "totalitarian Islam only recommends itself to the Middle East" ("The Good Fight," December 20, 2004). The Islamic laws of jihad divide the world into *Dar Al Islam*, the parts of the world already conquered by Islam, and *Dar Al Harb*, the rest of the world. To fundamentalists, the obligation of jihad exists until *Dar Al Harb* is converted to *Dar Al Islam* in its entirety. Thus the endgame Osama bin Laden fantasizes is a caliphate not only over the entire Middle East but over the entire world. The preposterous nature of this goal is another issue, but to limit Al Qaeda's expansionism shows that liberals still do not get Islamic fundamentalism. Al Qaeda's expansionist fantasies are no less than those of Adolf Hitler and Josef Stalin in the twentieth century.

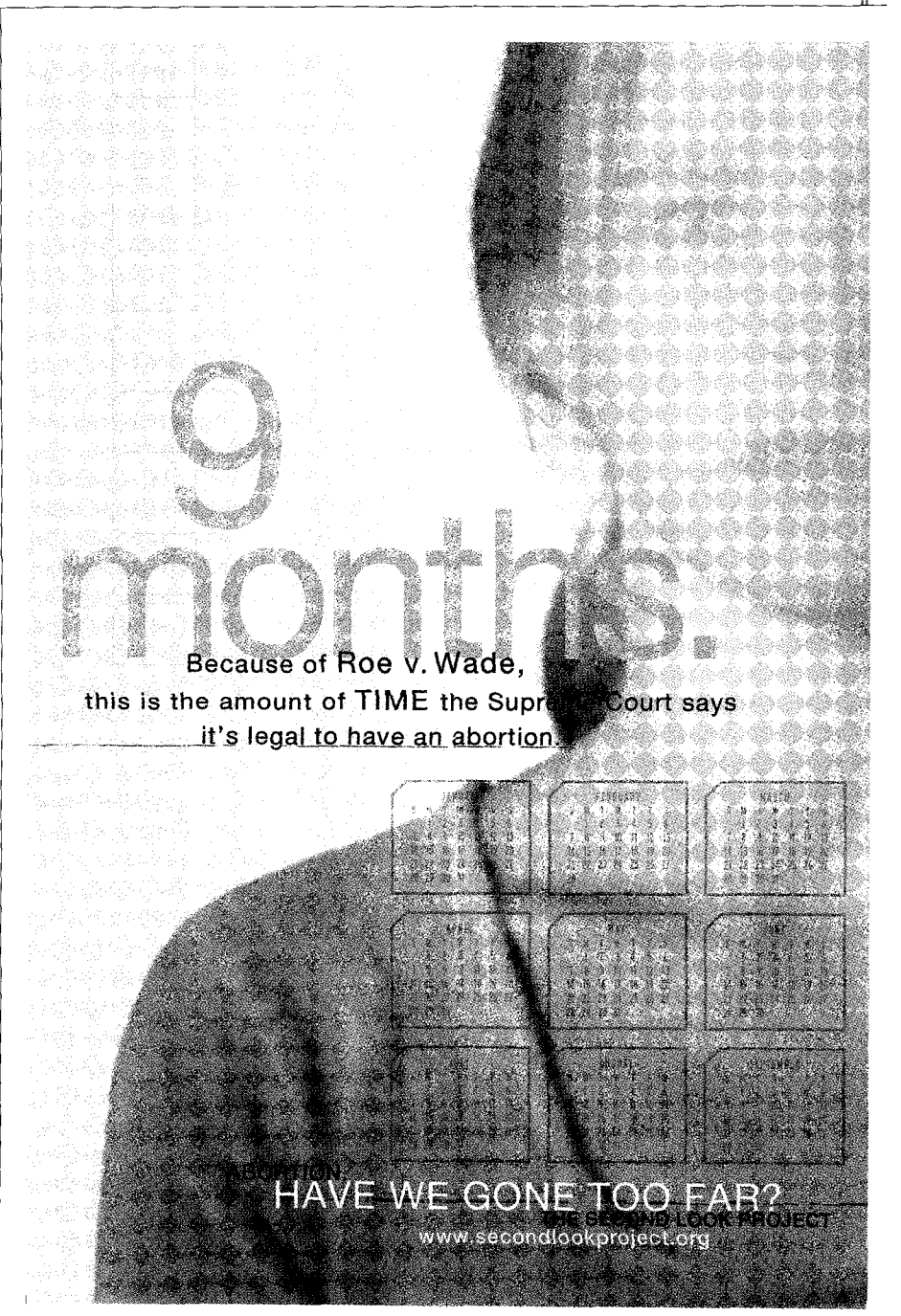
ALEXANDER CHESTER
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MINORITY OPINION

I THINK THERE IS CONFUSION REGARDing minority rights ("Uncivil Union," November 22, 2004). Certainly there is some truth to the assertion that minority rights exist to stand against the tyranny of the majority. More precisely, minority rights should not be subject to the vote of the majority. We do not hold referenda on whether a religious sect should be allowed to exist or whether a newspaper should be allowed to publish unpopular opinions. But minority rights do not come into existence by magic, even when we claim they are natural, inherent, or God-given. At some point, the majority must say, as they did with the Bill of Rights and with slavery, that these rights exist. The problem with judicial assertion of rights is that there is no majority assent. This was clear in *Roe* v. *Wade*, and it may also be true with the pressure for gay marriage. Pretending that the right to an abortion or gay marriage already exists in the Constitution and therefore requires the blessing only of a willing judge is false and dangerous nonsense. We were close to democratically resolving the abortion issue before the Supreme Court invented the right. The country has been paying the price for years, most notably, it seems, in an over-politicized judiciary.

Now some think only a judicial decision is needed to bring gay marriage into existence. That is an easy, false avenue to the objective. It may also prove a pyrrhic victory. Judicial decisions are like narcotics—a quick fix that solves little. A far better and wiser approach for the supporters of gay marriage would be to put down the judicial sword and pick up the ballot box. The numbers are not in their favor yet. If they continue to pursue flexible judges, the numbers never will be. Why not start a campaign to educate and lead people to the point where they will support gay marriage? That was one of the ways slavery was outlawed. Civil rights were enhanced by majorities in Congress. That also may be the best path to gay marriage. There is no guarantee of success, but victory, if it comes, will be real.

WILLIAM N. HOKE
Manhattan Beach, California



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Golden

TRB FROM WASHINGTON

Calling Arnold Schwarzenegger the most interesting politician in the United States has become a cliché. But every cliché contains a kernel of truth. And California's governor proved that last week when he unveiled a proposal that could do more to improve U.S. politics than any government reform in a long, long time.

It hasn't garnered much national attention, but, in last week's State of the State address, Schwarzenegger proposed taking responsibility for congressional (and state legislative) redistricting away from California's state legislature and giving it to a panel of retired judges. Viewed cynically, Schwarzenegger's initiative looks like yet another Republican effort to guarantee the GOP more House seats. In 2003, in one of the most disgraceful episodes of President Bush's first term, House Majority Leader Tom DeLay got his Republican cronies in the Texas state legislature to draw new, ridiculously partisan congressional districts. (When Texas Democrats fled the state to deny the Republicans a legislative quorum, DeLay's office called the Federal Aviation Administration—prompting a reprimand from the House Ethics Committee.) The move overturned a redistricting plan enacted in 2001 and thus violated what Brookings Institution political scientist Thomas Mann has called "a century-long norm"—the principle that states only redistrict once every ten years, after a new census. The *Houston Chronicle*, which endorsed Bush in 2000 and again in 2004, said DeLay's move "would set a precedent for redistricting any time a Washington bully wanted to impose it."

In Colorado, the state GOP tried to do much the same thing in 2003 but was blocked by the courts. And, since the GOP wants Schwarzenegger's new system to take effect immediately—thus overturning a 2001 redistricting plan favorable to Democrats and further shredding the once-a-decade rule—many California Democrats seem to view his proposal as just another Republican power grab.

But Schwarzenegger's proposal is actually radically different. In Texas, DeLay clearly set out to destroy political competition. His Republican allies in the state legislature crammed African American and Latino Texans into their own heavily Democratic districts while making the surrounding ones overwhelmingly white, thus handing the Republicans five new House seats. The move made a mockery of the GOP's supposed opposition to racial separatism. And it blanketed the Lone Star State with one-party congressional districts and incumbents who will probably never face a real challenge.

Schwarzenegger's proposal, by contrast, could dramatically increase political competition. When it redistricted in 2001, California's state legislature drew congressional lines that virtually guaranteed reelection for every incumbent, Republican and Democrat. As a result, in 2002, only one of the state's 53 districts witnessed a contested race (and that district wouldn't have been competitive either had Representative Gary Condit not gotten embroiled in the scandal over murdered intern Chandra Levy). Two years later, in 2004, not a single California House seat changed party hands.

New technology, which lets state legislators use precinct-level data about partisan identification to draw exquisitely uncompetitive districts, virtually guarantees that incumbents win reelection. That makes them less accountable to their constituents and more accountable to lobbyists and party bosses. And the problem keeps getting worse. Amy Walter and Jennifer Duffy of *The Cook Political Report* note that, in 1992, there were 151 competitive House races. By 2004, the number was down to 57. In close to 90 percent of congressional districts, in other words, the outcomes were foregone conclusions.

Schwarzenegger's proposal could change all this. If his panel of retired judges actually drew congressional lines based on factors like contiguity and compactness, and tried to keep communities in the same district (something that rarely happens anymore), it could produce an explosion of contested House races. (If the panel actually made party competitiveness one of its criteria, the effects would be even more dramatic.) In Iowa, where statutes require that congressional lines be drawn according to nonpartisan, commonsense principles, four of the state's five House seats were competitive in 2002. In 2004, it was two out of five. Apply those percentages to California's 53 seats, and you have a political earthquake, which would make the House more responsive to swings in public opinion than it has been in years.

California Democrats are rightly skeptical of Schwarzenegger's demand for a second redistricting this decade. But they should enthusiastically agree to implement his proposed change after the next census, in 2011. Given that Democrats will likely still control California's state legislature then, the switch could still cost them seats. But that's a price worth paying to try to build momentum for a national change in the way redistricting is done.

And the response shouldn't be limited to the Golden State. Democrats across the country should jump on the Schwarzenegger bandwagon, demanding that their states also take redistricting away from the state legislatures that deny voters a real choice over who represents them. In a state like Florida, where the GOP has absurdly gerrymandered to ensure a mass of safe Republican seats, such a change could bring real Democratic gains and perhaps even help put control of the House back in play. More importantly, it would reinvigorate American democracy. Nothing would make our politics more responsive, more dynamic, and more fun than hundreds of contested congressional elections, all over the country.

Since last fall's election, some Democratic strategists have urged the party to seize on the congressional GOP's efforts to repeal the very ethics rules it once championed. Such abuses, they suggest, give Democrats a chance to reclaim the mantle of political reform (see Michael Crowley, "Learning from Newt," page 18). Now Schwarzenegger has given them a perfect opportunity and an unexpected ally. Openings like this don't come along very often. If Democrats don't seize it, they will have no one to blame but themselves. **PETER BEINART**

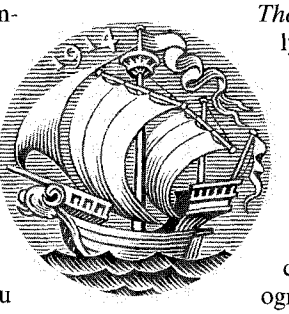
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On Deadline

IN A PERFECT world, no one would hold an election amid the persistent chaos of Iraq. Moderate Sunni political figures are indisputably right that security conditions don't permit a free or fair vote in the four violence-ravaged provinces of central Iraq, where nearly half the population lives. In the past week, after Baghdad's governor and deputy police chief were assassinated, the entire 13-member electoral commission of the Anbar Province—home to insurgent hotbed cities like Falluja and Ramadi—quit. Those who believe the Anbar Province is ready to vote on January 30 "are kidding themselves," Saad Abdul-Aziz Rawi, the former Anbar elections chief, explained. According to NPR, there will be only 32 polling stations to serve a province of 800,000 people. The January 30 election, which is supposed to yield a national parliament tasked with writing a permanent constitution, is likely to result in the political exclusion of Iraq's 20 percent Sunni minority. As Adnan Pachachi, the Sunni former president of the U.S.-appointed Iraqi Governing Council, recently warned, "Very few scenarios take us deeper into chaos and civil unrest than this very likely outcome."

Because of this risk, if the Shia clerical establishment, led by the Grand Ayatollah Ali Al Sistani, can be persuaded to accept an electoral delay, the Bush administration should quickly and gratefully agree. While the Sunnis have a variety of reasons for considering the election illegitimate, postponing the vote could theoretically draw more Sunnis into the political process, increasing its cross-factional legitimacy. It would certainly send the message that Sunni demands are taken seriously by the interim Iraqi authorities. Moderate Sunni organizations like the Iraqi Islamic Party have called for a six-month electoral delay in order to allow time for Iraq to stabilize and proper electioneering to take place. And perhaps Sistani remains open to the idea: Over the weekend, he met with the deputy governor of a central (read: Sunni) Iraqi province reportedly to talk about elections, though it's not known what exactly was discussed or if any agreements were reached.

But, to date, Sistani has been unequivocal in his desire to hold elections on time. And, for the United States, the Iraqi elections board, or interim Prime Minister Iyad Allawi to insist on a delay against the grand ayatollah's will is to risk Shia political rejectionism atop Sunni political rejectionism—a situation that would make Iraq's current woes look trivial. "The law makes absolutely no provisions for delaying the elections," U.N. elections envoy Carlos Valenzuela told Reuters this week, "and you will have a major constitutional crisis if you don't have the elections because there is no consensus about delaying." Iraq's Shia majority—and, to a lesser extent, its Kurdish minority—is adamant that the January 30 date be respected.



It's worth remembering what happened the last time Sistani felt the United States was out to cheat him on elections. When Americans came up with a plan in late 2003 to create an interim Iraqi government through a convoluted and undemocratic system of "caucuses," Sistani declared the effort illegitimate. Hundreds of thousands of Shia demonstrated in the streets against it. In mid-February 2004, the United States, fearful of going forward with a proposal rejected by the supreme religious authority of Iraq's majority faction, abandoned the idea. Sistani compromised by essentially endorsing a fallback plan to turn sovereignty over to an unelected government blessed by the United Nations—provided that the interim entity's first priority was preparing the country for elections in January 2005.

In short, the Shia don't have much more patience. In Washington, we may think that elections are moving forward too rapidly. But, in Najaf, they perceive the elections to be proceeding with barely tolerable lethargy. Would the Shia continue to tolerate an occupying power that has broken an electoral promise—a promise that has been central to the relative Shia political quietism thus far? As a Shia tribal leader ominously warned *The Washington Post* recently, "If [Sistani] says we die, then we will die."

There is no doubt that the new Shia-led government will have to reach out to the Sunnis in order to gain cross-factional legitimacy. The Shia seem to recognize this: In an interview this week with *Al Hayat*, a Sistani surrogate declared, "The representation of our Sunni brethren in the coming government must be effective, regardless of the results of the elections." But he first made clear that the January 30 election date is sacrosanct. Unless Sistani relents, bringing the Sunnis into the political process needs to begin on January 31. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTEBOOK

MARYLAND'S PRESS "RIGHTS" . . . ANTI-SEMITISM IN MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS

INVITE-ONLY GOVERNMENT

PRESS RELATIONS ARE HARDLY THIS White House's strong suit, but the Bushies look downright transparent compared with Maryland Governor Robert Ehrlich's administration. In November, Ehrlich, a first-term Republican, banned all state employees from speaking with two *Baltimore Sun* reporters—the paper's state House bureau chief, David Nitkin, and columnist Michael Olesker—whom Ehrlich has accused of "failing to objectively report." The governor's evidence? In Nitkin's case, an incorrect map that accompanied one of a series of articles he wrote about a secret deal to sell preserved state forestland to a politically connected developer. But the map, which was the subject of a correction the next day, was created by the paper's graphics department, not Nitkin, and none of the facts in Nitkin's stories have been challenged. As for Olesker, Ehrlich was angry that the columnist described the governor's communications director as "struggling mightily to keep a straight face" when insisting at a hearing that Ehrlich's appearances in state tourism commercials were not intended for political gain. Olesker, Ehrlich griped, wasn't at the hearing—and thus was in no position to comment on the straightness of the communication director's face. Olesker contends the phrase was meant metaphorically, but he has apologized nonetheless.

Ehrlich's real beef with the *Sun*, no doubt, is that the paper has run a number of damaging stories about him—including his improper use of a private helicopter during the 2002 gubernatorial campaign and the secret land deal. Which is why, despite the *Sun*'s various entreaties, including a meeting with the paper's editor and a federal lawsuit it filed against Ehrlich, he has yet to lift the ban, defending it on the grounds that, as the state's attorney general wrote in a motion seeking to dismiss the *Sun*'s lawsuit, the two reporters "remain free . . . to attend press conferences."

Robert Ehrlich

But, last week, even that small courtesy—not to mention fundamental tenet of a free press—was denied, when Ehrlich's press secretary barred Nitkin from entering a briefing by the governor. The briefing, the press secretary told Nitkin, was private; all other reporters, however, were allowed in. And, this week, reporters were called to an "invitation-only press briefing." Nitkin, needless to say, did not receive an invitation. Let's hope the White House isn't paying any attention. Heaven knows the Bushies are always on the lookout for ways to distinguish themselves in this ugly field.

A NOT-SO-ACADEMIC DEBATE

YOU WON'T READ MUCH ABOUT THE crisis at Columbia University in *The New York Times*. But the crisis is real, as the assiduous reporting of *The New York Sun* and the New York *Daily News* makes clear. Over two decades, Columbia has become America's chief outpost of anti-Israel polemics disguised as serious scholarship and teaching. As some Columbia luminaries themselves admit, the university's program in Middle East and Asian Languages and Cultures is a scandal. Columbia's most eminent Arabist, Rashid Khalidi, has cannily steered clear of his colleagues' antics. He is the Edward Said professor of Arab studies, faithful to the now-uncertain reputation of the name on his endowed chair, but punctilious in his academic demeanor. Unfortunately, others are not so careful: Joseph Massad, a tenure-track professor, stands accused by Jewish and other students of disparaging them for holding views different from his own on Israel. Hamid Dabashi, among other acts, recently canceled a class so that he might attend an anti-Israel rally. After years of being intimidated, students have finally raised their voices—and now, even an underground filmmaker has documented their subject. At the outset, Columbia President Lee Bollinger did not take the grievances seriously. Then, a few months ago, he began to listen—more to the point, he had his provost, American historian (and frequent TNR contributor) Alan Brinkley, listen—and take them seriously.

Many faculty said the students' charges amounted to a witch-hunt and constituted a threat to academic freedom. But, in fact, a university with ideologically uniform appointments on a subject as controversial as Middle Eastern history and politics itself threatens scholarly standards and intellectual liberty. And it is those who bludgeon students into silence or conformity who are the true little dictators of the moment. Bollinger has recently appointed a five-person committee to look into the matter. Two of those appointed—Jean Howard, professor of English and vice provost for diversity initiatives, and Farah Jasmine Griffin, professor of English and

DAVID COWLES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comparative literature—were signatories to the petition to have Columbia divest from companies selling military hardware to Israel. A third is Lisa Anderson, dean of the School of International and Public Affairs. She is on record (in the current *Harvard Magazine*) as dismissing Daniel Pipes, a learned scholar of Islam and the Arab world, as "a conservative polemicist" with "anti-Muslim bias." Anderson accuses him and others who want to examine the narrow range of "respectable" academic opinions on the Middle East of posing "a serious threat to our scholarly integrity." And she complains that "self-appointed guardians of the academy now use websites like CampusWatch to 'invite student complaints of abuse, investigate their claims, and (when warranted) make these known' presumably to university presidents." By announcing that she feels threatened by the very questions the students have raised, Anderson has disqualified herself from sitting on this panel as well. Bollinger should go back to the drawing board. His initial indifference to the student grievances has harmed Columbia enough. A suspect committee judging them will only exacerbate the damage.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

In "Beatifying Villany and Criticizing Saintliness" (Notebook, January 17), the author of *The Kidnapping of Edgardo Mortara* was misidentified as Daniel Kreutzer. In fact, the book is by David I. Kertzer.

Because of an editing error, Robert A. Moss's response to Richard A. Posner's "CSI: Baker Street" (Correspondence, December 20, 2004) incorrectly referred to "the dog's nighttime silence in 'The Hound of the Baskervilles' "; in fact, those silences take place in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's short story "Silver Blaze."

The copyright year for Volumes 230 & 231 of The New Republic was 2004, not 2003.

We regret the errors. ■

TNR.commentary

IRAQ'D

SPENCER ACKERMAN

ALLAWI PULLS AN ARMSTRONG WILLIAMS: Iyad Allawi's popularity has grown recently, especially in the Shia south. Indeed, the International Republican Institute's most recent poll (which underrepresented Sunnis somewhat) showed his approval ratings bouncing back to near-honeymoon levels. Knight-Ridder's Nancy A. Youssef and Yasser Salihee note that Allawi is everywhere these days: He's holding press conferences, stopping by TV call-in shows, pressing the flesh with police academy graduates, and so forth. On top of all that, they report, Al Arabiya is broadcasting an Allawi biopic this week.

There's apparently a hidden reason for Allawi's recent spate of glowing publicity. *The Financial Times* reports that he's been bribing journalists:

> After a meeting held by Mr Allawi's campaign alliance in west Baghdad, reporters, most of whom were from the Arabic-language press, were invited upstairs where each was offered a "gift" of a $100 bill contained in an envelope.
>
> Many of the journalists accepted the cash—about equivalent to half the starting monthly salary for a reporter at an Iraqi newspaper—and one jokingly recalled how Saddam Hussein's regime had also lavished perks on favoured reporters.

Many readers have e-mailed to complain about the negative tone of *Iraq'd*. If any Iraqi political figure is willing to match half my monthly salary, that can change.

&c.

NOAM SCHEIBER

WHAT IS DAVID BROOKS TALKING ABOUT?: I dissent a bit—OK, a lot—from the opinion of *The Note*, ABC News' daily online political bulletin, which dubbed David Brooks's January 8 *New York Times* column a "brilliant Rosetta Stone to the politics of Social Security reform." It's the following Brooks suggestion that struck me as odd:

> This is the moment for the White House to seize the Reagan Rule—you can get a lot done in Washington as long as you don't get credit. The president should follow Senator Chuck Grassley's advice and let Congress take the lead in drafting a bill. That would go a long way to depolarizing the issue.
>
> Next, it would be useful to broaden the frame of discussion. All the talk so far revolves around Option 2 from the president's 2001 commission. Why limit ourselves? There are dozens of creative reform ideas out there. Many include getting rid of the regressive and job-crushing payroll tax and replacing it with something else. In this week's Weekly Standard, Irwin Stelzer recommends a tax on pollution and imported oil. Others suggest a consumption tax.

Maybe I'm missing something, but I don't understand how it's a good idea, if the aim is to advance the ball on Social Security privatization, for the president not to insist on a fairly specific approach, at least in his private discussions with Congress. Probably 90 percent of House Republicans (and only a slightly smaller percentage of Senate Republicans) want nothing to do with Social Security privatization. Their all-consuming fear is that they'll get bashed over the head by Democrats if they embrace it (for some reporting on this point, see "House Call," November 29 & December 6, 2004). Brooks concedes earlier in the column that Republicans can't even agree among themselves about the best way to privatize Social Security. If the president doesn't force them to agree on an approach by endorsing one, reluctant Republicans—and here I have in mind the House GOP leadership, notably Tom DeLay—will view it as an opportunity to kill privatization altogether. Many, many congressional Republicans have told me this themselves.

Brooks holds out bipartisanship as another way Social Security privatization could happen without direct presidential involvement. (Queasy Republicans will feel much better about privatization if they have cover from some Democratic moderates.) Unfortunately for Republicans, the only way to get moderate Democrats on board is to coalesce around a bill whose long-term accounting adds up, which means some combination of benefit cuts and payroll tax increases. (And even that's a long shot.) But, since these things are so anathema to most Republicans, making such a bill the consensus-reform vehicle would, once again, require White House intervention. (Brooks implicitly concedes this when he says that "any compromises that win you Democratic votes in the Senate lose you Republican votes in the House." But, somehow, he forgets this dictum by the end of the column.) So the short answer is, no leading role from the White House, no Social Security privatization.

TO READ THESE NEW REPUBLIC WEB LOGS DAILY, GO TO TNR.COM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Canning gay linguists.

Stonewalled

BY NATHANIEL FRANK

When Ian Finkenbinder served an eight-month combat tour with the Army's 3rd Infantry Division in Iraq in 2003, he was tasked with human intelligence-gathering, one of the most critical ingredients in the Army's effort to battle the deadly Iraqi insurgency. It is also essential to the U.S. goal of winning support from the Iraqi street. Finkenbinder's job as a cryptologic linguist was to translate radio transmissions, to interview Iraqi citizens who had information to volunteer, and to screen native speakers for possible employment in translation units.

Finkenbinder was a rare and coveted commodity. Having attended the Army's elite Defense Language Institute (DLI) at the Presidio of Monterey, he graduated in the fall of 2002 with proficiency in Arabic at a time when the United States was scrambling to remedy a dire shortage of linguists specializing in Arabic, Farsi, and other tongues critical to the war on terrorism.

So it's not surprising that, according to Finkenbinder, his company commander was "distraught" last month at the prospect of having to start discharge proceedings against him just before the 3rd Infantry, which spearheaded the Iraqi invasion with its "thunder run" to Baghdad, was scheduled to redeploy for a second tour. But he had no choice. The Pentagon's "don't ask, don't tell" policy on gay troops makes no exceptions for linguists, and Finkenbinder had revealed he is gay.

In November 2002, I reported in The New Republic that—despite the importance of trained Arabic speakers to waging the war against terrorism and the critical shortage of these skilled translators in the U.S. military and intelligence agencies—the military fired seven Arabic language specialists from DLI earlier that fall for being gay or lesbian ("Perverse," November 18, 2002). It also booted speakers of Farsi, Korean, and other languages critical to combating the emerging global threats facing the United States.

As Finkenbinder's story illustrates, the Pentagon continues to dismiss trained linguists—people whose skills are desperately needed in Iraq and elsewhere around the world—for being gay. In fact, newly obtained data from the Department of Defense reveals that these firings were far more widespread than previously known. Between 1998 and 2004, the military discharged 20 Arabic and six Farsi language speakers under the "don't ask, don't tell" policy. The new data are not broken down by year, but additional figures from other reports suggest that about half the Arabic discharges came after September 11. The data were obtained from the Pentagon following a Freedom of Information Act request by the Center for the Study of Sexual Minorities in the Military, a think tank at the University of California, Santa Barbara, where I work, and the office of Massachusetts Democratic Representative Marty Meehan, a vocal critic of the ban on gays in the military, who sits on the House Armed Services Committee.

National security experts have identified the shortage of Arabic linguists as contributing to the government's failure to predict the September 11 attacks. *The 9/11 Commission Report*'s assessment of the nation's preparedness for those and future strikes indicated that the government "lacked sufficient translators proficient in Arabic and other key languages, resulting in a significant backlog of untranslated intercepts." A 2002 General Accounting Office study concluded that staff shortages in Arabic and Farsi "adversely affected agency operations and compromised U.S. military, law enforcement, intelligence, counterterrorism and diplomatic efforts." And an October 2001 House Intelligence Committee report found that "thousands of pieces of data are never analyzed, or are analyzed 'after the fact' because there are too few analysts, even fewer with the necessary language skills."

Nevertheless, the available data now confirm that, in addition to those fired before September 11, the military has continued to discharge gay language specialists despite the ongoing shortage. In total, according to Pentagon data, there were at least 73 people discharged from DLI for homosexuality between 1998 and 2003. At least 37 of these discharges took place after the September 11 attacks. "It's incredibly self-defeating to discharge badly needed, capable service members for something that has nothing to do with their ability to fight in the war on terrorism," Meehan says. "While intercepts collected dust on the shelves waiting for Arabic translators, the military devoted its resources to rooting out patriotic gay Americans whose skills were essential to our safety."

The purging of gay language specialists persists in the face of ongoing pleas by military and political leaders to increase the numbers of Arabic translators. A Pentagon advisory panel recently reported that the United States "is without a working channel of communications to the world of Muslims and Islam." A Justice Department inspector general's report released in September 2004 said the government "cannot translate all the foreign language counterterrorism and counterintelligence material it collects," due largely to inadequate translation capabilities in "languages primarily related to counterterrorism activities," such as Arabic and Farsi. Last

Nathaniel Frank is a senior research fellow at the Center for the Study of Sexual Minorities in the Military at the University of California, Santa Barbara, and teaches history at New York University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

summer, Homeland Security Secretary Tom Ridge insisted that "we need more Arabic-speaking analysts."

Pentagon spokeswoman Lieutenant Colonel Ellen Krenke said the discharge policy conformed to the federal law passed in 1993. "Any change in the law, and thus the Department's resulting policy," Krenke wrote in an e-mail in response to my questions about the military's firing of gay linguists, "would have to be debated again and reflect the will of the elected Congress."

Maybe that time has come. This week, the 3rd Infantry became the first Army unit to cycle back into Iraq since the war began. Finkenbinder, of course, stayed behind. "There was definitely a feeling of, 'We could really use you,'" he says of the moment when his commander learned he was gay. "I was an Arabic linguist, and those are pretty valuable over there." ■

Banda Aceh Dispatch

Ashes to Ashes

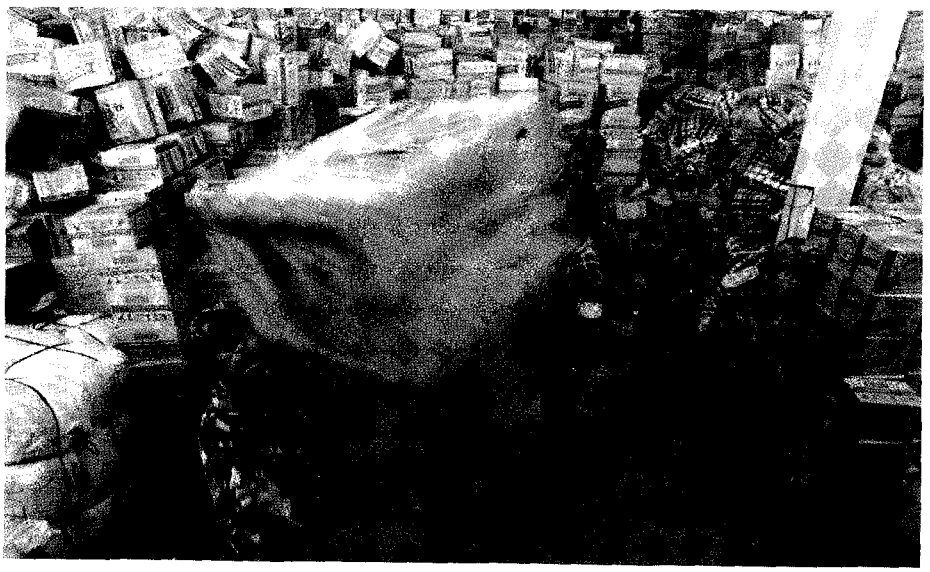
BY RACHEL LOUISE SNYDER

More than two weeks after the most devastating tsunami in modern history pummeled much of Southeast Asia, the city of Banda Aceh, Indonesia, lies in ruin. Playgrounds remain immersed in a foot of mud; refrigerators sit astride overturned cars; and chunks of concrete walls, corrugated roofing, and broken glass drape the city's streets. Great glaciers of rubble make driving almost impossible, and those shops and businesses lucky enough to escape the carnage have yet to reopen. Stray cats skitter over the debris, nibbling inside shadowy crevices at what turns out to be human flesh; of the more than 90,000 estimated dead in this province on the northern tip of Sumatra, only about 30,000 bodies have been found thus far.

Even amid this rubble, hints of Aceh province's history of tension are obvious. Despite a temporary cease-fire declared in the immediate aftermath of the tsunami by the Acehnese insurgency, Gerakan Aceh Merdeka (GAM), and, despite a promise from the Indonesian army that it would not target suspected rebels during the emergency, reports of sporadic violence are growing more frequent across the province. The Acehnese fear a resumption of the all-out war between GAM and the army that has raged, on and off, for decades.

Yet, the devastation of the tsunami's waves could have offered a chance for peace. Rodd McGibbon, a United States Agency for International Development (USAID) adviser in Jakarta, says the tsunami provided the Indonesian government with a great opportunity to earn back the trust of the Acehnese. "You've had communities ruined," McGibbon says. "Family structures have gone. It's a particularly difficult challenge. This disaster devastated everybody. [Local] government officials are dead; members of the GAM [are dead]. It is an opportunity for the government to win back hearts and minds." Indeed, though many Acehnese detest the Indonesian military, known as TNI, for its history of human rights abuses in the region, GAM, which has also committed abuses, hardly enjoys widespread support either. Many civilians are simply tired of the violence. As a result, the Indonesian government could have benefited from a demonstration of goodwill. By laying down its arms in Aceh and showing it could handle humanitarian aid, it might have convinced the rebels to lay down their arms as well and restart the peace process.

Unfortunately, both Jakarta and GAM seem to be doing the opposite. At least one-third of the Indonesian army posted in Aceh continues to battle GAM—valuable soldiers who could be used for humanitarian missions. Worse, the military and GAM are taking advantage of the international attention to amplify their grievances. Each side blames the other for using foreign food and medical aid as weapons in their long-running war.



Indonesian soldiers, like these troops unloading aid for tsunami victims, have been accused of using aid distribution as a weapon in the government's war against Aceh's insurgency.

ROMEO RANOCO/REUTERS/LANDOV

Rachel Louise Snyder is a writer based in Southeast Asia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LAST PROVINCE folded into the Dutch East Indies, the forerunner of Indonesia, Aceh is rich in natural gas, timber, and oil. Like many ethnic minorities around the world, Acehnese are frustrated to see their resources lining the pockets of the central government rather than helping to alleviate poverty in their region. Additionally, Aceh is a conservative Muslim province with significant reservations about secular Indonesia, even though most Indonesians are also Muslim. Aceh has held special status since 1959, and Jakarta recognizes the legitimacy of a stricter form of Islamic law in the province. Still, there has always been a separatist current in Aceh, which GAM, with an estimated force of 2,000–5,000 from among Aceh's population of four million before the tsunami, has drawn upon. Meanwhile, the Indonesian military's scorched-earth policies in Aceh have only fostered the insurgency: Human rights groups accuse the army of extrajudicial executions, torture, and arbitrary arrests and detentions.

Regardless of blame, there have been 10,000-plus casualties in the Acehnese war. And many people in the province simply want peace. If the fighting in Aceh were to stop, says one aid official, most Acehnese still would prefer to stay within Indonesia. "They want the shooting to stop, they want their husbands and sons to stop being disappeared ... and economic development that would benefit the local populace," he says. Embracing these civilians by equitably distributing aid and acting transparently, Jakarta would have signaled to Aceh, and to the world, that suffering trumps any political considerations.

But, so far, Jakarta has missed its opportunity. In the majority of areas not washed away by the tsunami, the Indonesian military has stepped up its presence, supposedly to ensure supplies are efficiently and equitably delivered. Yet, this week, the local commander of the Indonesian army, based in Banda Aceh, declared Aceh unsafe for foreign journalists and aid workers. Foreigners must register and receive military escorts if they travel outside main towns. This is hardly a move that will inspire local confidence. After all, in the past, the army has barred journalists and aid workers from the province while stepping up its offensive against GAM. "I hope the Indonesian government keeps Aceh open [to outsiders]," says the aid official. "It's a real window of opportunity to make the right choices, a real opportunity for Jakarta to reach out and come to the table again. That window will close soon."

Meanwhile, TNI and GAM both accuse each other of using foreign assistance for political gain. GAM says the military is denying aid to its members and supporters. This claim is corroborated by international aid officials, who say the military has been deterring them, particularly from villages suspected of allegiance to GAM. This disastrous policy can make deliveries to stricken areas more difficult. The army also appears to be hoarding aid. Teams from USAID, which is assisting in the province, have begun to investigate the stockpiling. "We don't see where the food is going," says one U.S. military pilot helping to make food drops. "We just hope they share." A team of American naval doctors making medical assessments in remote Acehnese villages confirmed the rumors of hoarding. "We're definitely seeing that TNI's holding food," says one of the doctors. "There's favoring with TNI distributorship." His fear, he says, is that families of GAM men who died in the tsunami will be marginalized completely, with women and children left to fend for their own survival. Meanwhile, TNI claims that GAM fighters have attacked humanitarian relief convoys, though such claims are difficult to confirm.

The Indonesian army and GAM continue to fight through the devastation. The Associated Press reported that the military launched an operation against alleged rebel fighters in northern Aceh, killing two. And suspected rebels fired shots at the home of Aceh's deputy police chief, police and U.N. officials say.

AMID THIS CHAOS, the U.S. military is trying to help distribute the much-needed aid. In so doing, it has been forced to cooperate with the Indonesian military, even though the U.S. Congress has banned military ties to TNI because of its poor human rights record. Given this history, the commander of the U.S. naval air group for the relief mission, Captain Lawrence Burt, wants the United States to avoid the region's political troubles. "We're trying to keep our footprint here to a minimum," Burt says. "But we also want to help. And we are obviously helping TNI. We are moving their troops up and down the coast and giving them food to distribute." Unfortunately, that might not be enough. ■

Bangkok Dispatch

Thai Con

BY AMY KAZMIN

THE WORLD HAD barely begun to grasp the magnitude of the tsunami on December 26 when Thaksin Shinawatra, Thailand's prime minister, dashed to the island of Phuket to survey the damage and meet local officials. By the next day, Thailand's six TV channels were broadcasting constant images of Thaksin comforting distraught residents of a Thai fishing village battered by the wave. In one clip—which aired repeatedly—Thaksin walked through the wreckage, his arm wrapped protectively around the shoulders of elderly villagers as a young woman ran toward them, arms outstretched, for a hug. "Thaksin looked like a god," said one Thai viewer who is normally critical of the premier.

Amy Kazmin covers Southeast Asia for THE FINANCIAL TIMES.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Despite some ups and downs, the trend is toward solid growth.

People don't have needs only when interest rates are low. Life stages dictate when to get a starter home, a bigger home, a smaller home. Our job is to make those changes possible when families need them, no matter the economic climate. We're mortgage bankers.

Sure, historically low interest rates in recent years boosted the market. But it's the innovative ways our more than 2,900 member companies help people achieve homeownership that's put fully two-thirds of our population in their very own homes. And in the process, kept the economy going in both up and down times.

www.mortgagebankers.org
(800) 793-6222

MORTGAGE BANKERS ASSOCIATION
Investing in communities

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Since then, the charismatic, pseudo-autocratic prime minister has made four more trips to Thailand's disaster zone, followed on each foray by journalists from the country's essentially docile TV channels. In fact, Thai TV stations, controlled by the state, have made the prime minister's daily activities the staple of their news for the last four years. In the tsunami's aftermath, Thais watched as their leader visited wrecked five-star hotels on the mainland resort of Khao Lak; a relief camp for 4,000 displaced villagers; the beaches of Phuket; and a local Buddhist temple, where Thai and foreign forensic experts are working to identify thousands of victims' bodies.

The trips were not mere photo opportunities. Thaksin, the founder of Thailand's largest telecommunications empire, has spent four years micromanaging the country, and, over the last few weeks, he has taken a personal interest in the nitty-gritty relief and reconstruction efforts. On his visits to affected areas, he has galvanized Thailand's sluggish bureaucrats by setting deadlines to find the bodies of all the victims, clear up wreckage and debris, and construct temporary shelters for the estimated 30,000 Thais who have lost their homes.

As a result of his energetic, well-publicized crisis-management efforts, Thaksin is now reaping a political windfall from Thailand's tragedy. Thais are rallying behind him in much the same way the U.S. public united behind President Bush in the immediate aftermath of September 11. For the premier, the timing couldn't be better. Images of the tsunami, and his response, are obscuring his crisis-ridden year just in time for national elections on February 6. Unfortunately, Thaksin's almost-guaranteed success will hardly be a victory for Thai democracy.

THAKSIN, ONE OF the rare Thai businessmen who suffered no serious losses from the 1997 Asian financial crisis, won election in 2001 by persuading Thai voters that his business acumen could return prosperity to the battered nation. And, indeed, many Thais initially came to see their leader as something of a superman. He presided over an economic rebound fueled by surging consumer spending and robust exports, and an aggressive crackdown on drugs went over well with many Thais eager to eradicate the scourge. By the end of 2003, Thaksin was vowing to eradicate poverty, a pledge accompanied by TV ads hinting at a prime-ministerial messiah complex. In the commercials, rural villagers listened to a radio as Thaksin's familiar voice rattled off a list of government initiatives to help the poor. Then, in the ads, a village woman asked her friends about her outstanding debts, and, from the radio, Thaksin replied, "We can solve your debt problems, too."

But his inflated self-image had a downside. Thaksin's concentration of all power into his own hands was debilitating for Thai democracy. Thaksin forced independent-minded bureaucrats out of power, often replacing them with people loyal only to him. His family bought into the most independent television station, cutting off many critical voices, and the massive advertising budgets of state agencies were used to rein in other media outlets. The war on drugs, in which thousands of people—including many innocent civilians—were killed, silenced many Thai human rights activists and other leaders of civil society who feared they would be targeted by security forces if they spoke out against Thaksin. Thai officials became used to waiting for instructions from on high rather than taking initiative, which would have landed them in trouble with the notoriously hot-tempered top boss. Members of Thaksin's Thai Rak Thai party were said to quake at the prospect of delivering bad news to Thaksin.

In crises, too, the premier's unwillingness to heed other voices—and his devotion to business at all costs—sometimes backfired. Last January, news broke that Thailand's vast poultry stocks were afflicted with a form of lethal bird flu. Amid evidence that birds had been dying for months, Thaksin ultimately admitted that Bangkok had suspected the outbreak, but that officials had kept quiet about it for weeks. There were furious allegations of a deliberate cover-up to protect Thailand's billion-dollar chicken industry, dominated by the powerful Charoen Pokphand (C.P.) group. Suspicions were reinforced by the fact that Wattana Muangsook, the son-in-law of C.P.'s founder, was Thaksin's commerce minister. Twelve Thais subsequently died of the ailment.

Thaksin's economic agenda also suffered setbacks this year, again partly due to his domineering style and to perceptions that he was too close to big business. Thaksin, who tends to steamroll all critics, was forced to back down from a plan to sell off shares in the state-run Electricity Generating Authority of Thailand after intense protests from the company's 30,000 employees. Then, Krung Thai Bank, which had fulfilled the premier's mandate to aggressively push out new loans to kick-start the economy, was forced to reclassify $1.1 billion in lending as bad loans after the central bank questioned the viability of projects they were financing. The head of Krung Thai, Thaksin's longtime business friend, was forced by the central bank to step down.

All this led some Thais to doubt Thaksin, though it was always likely he would win the February election, in part because the opposition party, the Democrats, had almost no coherent platform. Still, many hoped that the Democrats and another opposition group, the Mahachon Party, would take enough seats to be able to censure Thaksin in parliament and limit his authoritarian nature.

But the tsunami has swept away memories of the last year's difficulties. The disaster gives Thaksin a chance once again to display the can-do dynamism that first enthralled Thai voters four years ago. Just before its term expired this month, Thaksin's government quickly approved an emergency relief and reconstruction fund worth more than $700 million, while the central bank decided to make another $700 million available to commercial banks for low-interest loans to businessmen hit by the wave. "[The tsunami] has played into Thaksin's hand," says Thitinan Pongsudhirak, a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lecturer of international relations at Chulalongkorn University in Bangkok. "He was able to mobilize the state machinery quickly and effectively." Opposition groups are reluctant to criticize the public relief effort, while any complaints of survivors have hardly resonated in the public debate. "The Thai people would give the benefit of the doubt—and a lot of support—to any government of the day in such a calamitous situation," says Thittinan.

Thaksin has taken advantage of this fact. In the first days after the tsunami, some nongovernmental organizations and some villagers in the affected areas called for the February election to be postponed, saying it would be inappropriate to go ahead with the vote at this time. But Thaksin made no effort to change the date, and the elections will proceed as scheduled.

NOW, THAKSIN'S PARTY appears poised for an unprecedented landslide. "Like him or hate him, [his] star is shining," Veera Prateepchaikul, deputy editor-in-chief of Post Publishing Company, a local publishing consortium, noted. "Ask the man on the street how he feels about the government's performance in dealing with the tsunami aftermath and the likely answer will be a big thumbs-up." Indeed, an independent poll last week of 1,200 Thais found that 54 percent have a better impression of Thaksin now than they did before the waves hit, and analysts now predict Thai Rak Thai will win at least 400 of the parliament's 500 seats.

While many average Thais may celebrate their take-charge leader's victory, prospects of a Thai Rak Thai landslide worry social activists and intellectuals, who fear the impact of another four years of Thaksin on Thailand's young and fragile democracy, which developed only after the most recent military coup in the early '90s. A reformist 1997 constitution was supposed to lay the foundations for a stable democracy with protections for the civil liberties that had been trampled during previous military regimes. But Thaksin has made no secret of his view that democracy is merely a means—"a tool," he has called it—to whatever ends he is working for, and he has rolled back many of the gains of the 1997 constitution. Under Thaksin's tenure, Thais are once again confronting measures—control of the media, the abduction or murder of dissenters, unpunished abuses by security forces—from the playbook of Thailand's dictatorial past.

If he wins the landslide victory, Thaksin will emerge with heightened confidence that could embolden him to take even harsher measures against dissenters. Chaiwat Satha-anand, a political scientist at Bangkok's Thammasat University, believes Thailand is emerging as an "authoritarian democracy" similar to neighboring Singapore or Malaysia, where the government sacrifices citizens' rights and uses violence to crush resistance, all in the name of combating communal threats. "It is not accidental that he is very fond of declaring war: war on poverty, war on drugs," Chaiwat said of Thaksin. "He realizes that it makes him shine as a leader. It is an indicator of things to come." ■

White House Watch

Hardball 101

BY RYAN LIZZA

IT IS GETTING increasingly difficult to find any Democrat who backs President Bush's plan for partially privatizing Social Security. Private accounts are now officially out of favor even among New Democrats, the most obvious source of potential administration support. The Democratic Leadership Council and a new centrist policy shop called Third Way both recently announced their opposition. Over in the House, many have been eyeing Adam Smith, the leader of the New Democrat Coalition, which has 67 members in the House. But, in an interview with THE NEW REPUBLIC, Smith for the first time ruled out support for any proposal that includes private accounts funded through a carve-out of the Social Security payroll tax. "Social Security is a safety net. That's what it's there for. It's there to be the safest portion of your portfolio," he told me. "It's a guaranteed benefit for a reason, and, for that reason, I don't support private accounts." Smith doesn't speak for every moderate Democrat, but, he added, "I think there is broad consensus among New Democrats that you must not privatize the system."

Smith's announcement is just one sign that the Democrats are learning how to be a true opposition party. There are still several Democratic senators, such as Tom Carper and Joe Lieberman, who have been cagey about their intentions, but Senate Minority Leader Harry Reid has thus far been more successful in enforcing discipline among his shrunken caucus than his predecessor, Tom Daschle. For instance, Reid has warned Senator Max Baucus, Bush's favorite Democratic deal-maker and the ranking minority member on the Senate Finance Committee, a crucial node in the coming debate, against cooperating with Bush.

Where are Democrats looking for inspiration about how to stop Bush's plan? Several party strategists are studying the Republicans' drive to kill the Clinton health care bill in 1993 and 1994. "The analogues are clearly there," says a senior Democrat organizing opposition to the plan. "And, just like military tacticians often study the last war, politicians think that way, too. They were very successful, and, in 1993, the environment was more conducive to pass health care than it is now for Social Security."

THE BIBLE FOR any Democrat looking for lessons from the last legislative battle as big as the coming Social Security debate is Haynes Johnson and David Broder's *The System*, a 700-page book that painstakingly documents how and why President Clinton's plan was defeated. There are important differences between 1993 and 2004, but here's what Democrats

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may learn from that debate.

Parliamentary procedure is destiny. "History will show that what undid the Clinton health care plan is the Byrd Rule," says a senior Senate Democratic aide. The original legislative strategy for health care was to bundle the legislation with the new budget. The Democrats had a 56 to 44 majority in the Senate, similar to the GOP's current 55 to 45 majority, but the magic number for most legislation is a filibuster-breaking 60 votes. A key legislative exception is what is known as the reconciliation bill, the last stage of the annual budget process, which, under Senate rules, requires only a simple majority for passage. In 1981, Reagan used reconciliation to make major tax and spending changes. Clinton's entire strategy rested on the assumption that his plan could be passed quickly, and the reconciliation bill was the best chance to make that happen. But West Virginian Senator Robert Byrd famously killed that idea. The Byrd Rule was adopted by the Senate in 1985 to combat budget deficits. Anything not germane to the budget and, significantly for Bush's plan, anything that adds to the deficit, cannot be included in reconciliation under the Byrd Rule. Byrd warned the White House in 1993 that health care would not pass muster as part of reconciliation, and Clinton abandoned the strategy. Senate Republicans, however, have not been so timid about abusing the reconciliation process. In 2001, they used it to push through Bush's tax cuts (after replacing the Senate parliamentarian because they suspected he would rule for Democrats who argued that Bush's tax cuts violated the Byrd Rule). A huge amount of war-gaming among Senate Democrats right now concerns how to respond if Republicans try to use reconciliation to pass Bush's Social Security plan.

Delay equals defeat. Clinton admitted to Johnson and Broder that, once the Byrd Rule derailed his original plan, he should have fundamentally changed his congressional strategy instead of continuing to push for passage of a single, massive bill. Delay unquestionably benefited the GOP and its interest-group allies. Senate leader George Mitchell warned Hillary Clinton early in 1993, "If you wait until next year, the second year of the Congress, especially if you wait until the summer, the rules of the Senate are such that you dramatically enhance the leverage of the opposition." Ira Magaziner, the plan's author, warned Clinton in a memo, "The more time we allow for the defenders of the status quo to organize, the more they will be able to marshal opposition to your plan and the better their chances of killing it." Clinton's plan started off with overwhelming public approval, but it was destroyed by a savvy opposition that became emboldened as the 1994 elections approached.

Defeat breeds defeat. In Clinton's case, time brought not only a more organized opposition but also a crush of events—a bruising budget battle, political scandals, international crises—that sapped his political capital and distracted him from focusing on health care. The lesson for Democrats is obvious: The harder it is for Bush to pass other parts of his agenda, the harder it will be for him to pass his Social Security plan. Conversely, easy Bush victories on his budget, energy bill, tort reform, and judicial nominees will strengthen his hand on Social Security. At one point in 1994, Clinton believed a swift victory on what seemed like an easy-to-pass crime bill could serve as a springboard to revive health care. But, rather than hold their fire for the health bill, Newt Gingrich and his troops launched an all-out attack on the crime bill that caught the White House completely off guard. Similarly, today some Democrats believe that a fight over a highly polarizing Supreme Court nominee could be the magic bullet that saps the energy from Social Security.

Being in the opposition means opposing. If there is one lesson that leaps off the page when rereading the history of Hillarycare, it is that Clinton's foes were ruthless and systematic in their opposition to the president's plan. When Hillary Clinton tried to reach out to Senate Republicans in the spring of 1993, she found she could never schedule any meetings. It turned out that aides to Bob Dole had prohibited any Republican senator from sitting down with the first lady. A year later, when Democrats were trying to save the plan, Representative John Dingell reached out to a House Republican but was reportedly told, "John, there's no way you're going to get a single vote on this side of the aisle. You will not only not get a vote here, but we've been instructed that if we participate in that undertaking at all, those of us who do will lose our seniority and will not be ranking minority members within the Republican Party."

Many Democrats today argue that their route back to power depends on transforming themselves into a party of reform. Some of these Democrats are scared that mere opposition—and denying Bush's claim that Social Security faces a "crisis"—hampers their efforts. But Republicans faced the same challenge in the early '90s and found that the two goals were not mutually exclusive. They didn't just kill health care reform, they used its corpse as a platform to redefine themselves as a reform movement that swept away the Democratic majority.

It's not just about Social Security. The Republicans knew in 1993 that they were not just engaged in a fight over health care but over the future of their own party. In a memo, conservative operative Bill Kristol warned Republicans that they had to "kill" rather than amend Clinton's proposal. Its success "will re-legitimize middle-class dependence for 'security' on government spending and regulation," he wrote. "It will revive the reputation of the party that spends and regulates, the Democrats, as the generous protector of middle-class interests. And it will at the same time strike a punishing blow against Republican claims to defend the middle-class by restraining government." An almost perfect mirror-image of those sentiments applies to Bush's proposal and the Democrats' situation today. Democratic strategist James Carville succinctly echoed this point recently. Speaking privately to one of the Senate leaders charged with formulating a strategy to defeat Bush's plan, he warned, "You're the only thing standing in between Democrats and the abyss." No wonder Democrats are so united. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Discover a Mathematical World of Startling Beauty and Insight...

...when you experience *The Joy of Thinking: The Beauty and Power of Classical Mathematical Ideas*—in 24 fascinating and provocative video lectures

Lovers of mathematics have always shared a secret largely unknown to the rest of us: the subject they adore—for those granted a look beneath its surface—is *beautiful.*

Its shapes and proportions inspire painters and musicians. Its mysteries can tantalize and confound even its own deepest theoreticians. And its demands for bold and insightful habits of thinking develop skills as useful to us in our everyday lives as they are to the most abstract philosophers.

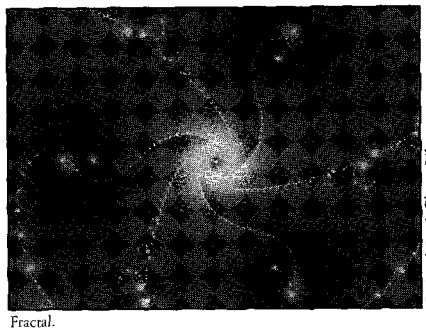
And now the highly effective strategies of thinking from this remarkable mathematical world are available to you in **The Joy of Thinking: The Beauty and Power of Classical Mathematical Ideas**, in 24 clear and entertaining video lectures.

Best of all, the lectures come to you from The Teaching Company, the renowned educational enterprise that makes America's most honored college professors available in brilliant recorded lectures you can enjoy again and again.

No Special Knowledge Required!

The Joy of Thinking requires no specialized or advanced knowledge of math, and is as appropriate for high school students as for adults. Designed both for those already fascinated with math and eager to learn more, and those merely curious about the subject, the lectures feature two of the most entertaining and honored teachers in mathematics today: Professor Edward B. Burger of Williams College and Professor Michael Starbird of The University of Texas at Austin.

With the help of hundreds of props, graphics, computer animations, and delightfully light-hearted problems (the reason this course is available only on videotape and DVD), they examine the ways in which mathematicians make sense of our world through numbers, geometry, and probability. And they'll leave you with a firm grasp of math's most fundamental ideas, lessons for living, and a new appreciation for the mathematics—in art, nature, and everyday life—that surround us.



© Corel Stock Photo Library.

Fractal.

About Our Sale Prices

Why is the sale price for this course so much lower than its standard price? Every course we make goes on sale at least once a year. Producing large quantities of only the sale courses keeps costs down and allows us to pass the savings on to you. This approach also enables us to fill your order immediately: 99% of all orders placed by 2:00 p.m. eastern time ship that same day. Order before February 3, 2005 to receive these savings.

About The Teaching Company

We review hundreds of top-rated professors from America's best colleges and universities each year. From this extraordinary group, we choose only those rated highest by panels of our customers. Fewer than 10% of these world-class scholar-teachers are selected to make The Great Courses. We've been doing this since 1990, producing more than 2,000 hours of material in modern and ancient history, philosophy, literature, fine arts, the sciences, and mathematics for intelligent, engaged, adult lifelong learners. If a course is ever less than completely satisfying, you may exchange it for another or we will refund your money promptly.

Lecture Titles

Great Ideas that Bring Our World into Focus ... How Many? Counting Surprises ... Fermat's Last Theorem and the Allure of Number ... Pining for Nature's Numbers ... Sizing up the Fibonacci Numbers ... The Sexiest Rectangle ... The Hidden Beauty of the Golden Rectangle ... The Pythagorean Theorem and Geometry of Ellipses ... Not-so-Platonic Relationships in Platonic Solids ... Hunting for a Sixth Platonic Solid ... Is There a Fourth Dimension? Can We See It? ... The Invisible Art of the Fourth Dimension ... A Twisted Idea—The Möbius Band ... A One-Sided, Sealed Surface—The Klein Bottle ... Ordinary Origami—Creating Beautiful Patterns ... Unfolding Paper to Reveal a Fiery Fractal ... Fractals—Infinitely Complex Creations ... Fractal Frauds of Nature ... Chance Surprises—Measuring Uncertainty ... Door Number Two or Door Number Three? ... Great Expectations—Weighing the Uncertain Future ... Random Thoughts—Randomness in Our World ... How Surprising are Surprising Coincidences? ... Life Lessons Learned from Mathematical Thinking

THE TEACHING COMPANY®

The Joy of Lifelong Learning Every Day

GREAT PROFESSORS, GREAT COURSES, GREAT VALUE GUARANTEED.

SAVE UP TO $185!

OFFER GOOD UNTIL FEBRUARY 3, 2005

1-800-TEACH-12 (1-800-832-2412)

Fax: 703-378-3819

Special offer is available online at

www.TEACH12.com/3nrep

THE Great Courses®
THE TEACHING COMPANY®
4151 Lafayette Center Drive, Suite 100
Chantilly, VA 20151-1232

Priority Code 17951

Please send me **The Joy of Thinking: The Beauty and Power of Classical Mathematical Ideas**, which consists of twenty-four 30-minute lectures (12 hours in all), with complete lecture outlines.

- ☐ **DVD $69.95** (std. price $254.95) **SAVE $185!** plus $10 shipping, handling, and lifetime satisfaction guarantee.
- ☐ **Videotape $54.95** (std. price $199.95) **SAVE $145!** plus $10 shipping, handling, and lifetime satisfaction guarantee.
- ☐ **Check or Money Order enclosed**

* Non-U.S. Orders: Additional shipping charges apply. Call or visit the FAQ page at our website for details.
**Virginia residents please add 5% sales tax.

Charge my credit card:

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover ☐ American Express

ACCOUNT NUMBER _____ EXP. DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

NAME (PLEASE PRINT) _____

MAILING ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

PHONE *(If we have questions regarding your order—required for international orders)* _____

☐ **FREE CATALOG.** Please send me a free copy of your current catalog (no purchase necessary).

Special offer is available online at www.TEACH12.com/3nrep

Offer Good Through: February 3, 2005

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Democrats can overthrow the House.

Learning from Newt

BY MICHAEL CROWLEY

As they struggle to assert some influence in Congress—or even take back the majority—Democrats might want to look to an unlikely role model: Newt Gingrich.

EARLY LAST YEAR, a Democratic representative named Chris Bell decided it was time someone really went after Tom DeLay. Like many of his Democratic colleagues, Bell had come to believe that DeLay, a fellow Texan, was not just a tyrannical House majority leader, but that his pursuit of power had led him to trample House ethics rules. So Bell drafted a complaint that amounted to a long rap sheet against DeLay, charging him with selling legislative favors to energy company lobbyists, illegally using corporate donations, and pressuring the Federal Aviation Administration to track a planeful of Texas Democrats mixed up in a state legislative dispute. But, when Bell filed his complaint, he found that, however much his Democratic colleagues railed against DeLay, they were nervous about taking him on. "Privately, it was 'You're my hero,'" he sighs. "But no one wanted to be publicly supportive. When we looked for people to make public declarations, it was awfully quiet." Democratic leaders like Nancy Pelosi were quick to tell reporters that they had not encouraged Bell's action.

Bell was only a freshman, and he was learning an important fact about today's House Democrats. While they may boil with outrage at the actions of House Republican leaders, there are limits to what they are willing to do. Many Democrats, especially older ones with memories of a more civil time in Washington, are squeamish about flamethrower politics. For seven years, they had observed an informal ethics "truce" with Republicans, and they were loath to shatter it.

Today, Bell stands vindicated on both substantive and political grounds. Substantively because, last fall, the House Ethics Committee wound up admonishing DeLay on two of the three charges Bell leveled. Politically, because Bell's complaint landed a body blow against the GOP leadership, which suffered a fusillade of public outrage and negative press when—in obvious response to Bell's complaint—it tried to loosen the House's ethics rules last week to make such complaints harder to file. (The ending was not so happy for Bell himself, who was redistricted out of his seat last year.)

The chaos among Republicans over ethics was sweet relief to House Democrats, whose victories in recent years have been few and far between. While Republicans comprise a mere 53 percent of the House, they afford the House's 201 Democrats virtually zero power. Although Republicans promised to bring glasnost to the House when they toppled a heavy-handed Democratic majority in 1994, today they rule with an iron fist. Floor debates are kept to a bare minimum. Democrats have almost no role in writing legislation and are rarely allowed to offer amendments, even when—especially when—their proposals enjoy majority support. Republicans think nothing of ramming through huge bills that have just come back from the printer. "It's crazy what's going on here," says Democrat Jim McGovern of Massachusetts. "Christ, you've got bills coming to the floor that no one reads." Republicans sometimes treat Democrats as if they don't really belong in the House at all. In one defining 2003 moment, House Ways and Means Chairman Bill Thomas, doing his best impersonation of an East German commissar, actually summoned the Capitol Police after a dispute over procedural fairness led Democrats to walk out of a hearing. Things have gotten so bad that even former House Speaker Newt Gingrich, who led these Republicans to power a decade ago, has urged them to "loosen up" the legislative process and allow Democrats more say.

AP PHOTO/JOHN DURICKA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The problem for Democrats is that House rules—which include no show-stopping equivalent to the Senate filibuster—inherently limit their power. And so Democrats are left continually vowing to fine-tune their message and, in some vague and unspecific way, to "fight harder." After the disheartening 2004 election, in which Republicans furthered their House majority (thanks in part to the cynical DeLay-led Texas redistricting scheme that made a casualty out of Chris Bell), the call was dutifully issued once again.

Let the message gurus recalibrate and the bold thinkers brainstorm new ideas. But, with Republicans preparing an assault on Social Security, the program Democrats hold most dear, it may be time for drastic measures. That is to say, as long as Republicans deprive Democrats of any parliamentary power, Democrats should consider fighting back by extra-parliamentary means—going beyond the standard parameters of legislative debate and attacking Republicans not just on issues but on ethics, character, and their management of Congress itself. In other words, it may be time for Democrats to burn down the House in order to save it. "I believe that the Republican majority has acted in such a dictatorial fashion that a full-scale revolt is the only solution," says Democratic consultant Howard Wolfson, who has been a House aide and executive director of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee (DCCC). "It's hard to compromise with somebody who has their heel on your neck." Adds an aide to a senior House Democrat: "Beneath the surface, you're seeing an almost desperate anxiety among Democrats to throw some punches. The challenge is: How do you organize it?"

For answers, Democrats might look to an unlikely role model: Newt Gingrich.

GINGRICH ARRIVED IN Congress from Georgia in 1979 at the height of an entrenched House Democratic majority. Gingrich had no illusions about working with Democrats to tinker at the margins of public policy. Instead, he set out to overthrow the Democratic leadership. Indeed, one of his first acts in Washington was to ask party leaders who was in charge of plotting long-term strategy for House regime change. After being told there was no such person, Gingrich assumed the role himself.

There were, of course, many factors behind the Gingrich revolution that would topple the Democrats 15 years later. But there is one that today's Democrats could replicate: Gingrich's knack for ruthless, all-out partisan warfare—even if it means turning public opinion against Congress as an institution and offending leaders of their own party.

This strategy was simple enough. As Gingrich put it in 1992, until the "systemic problem" of the House was ended, "we will simply go through cycles of finding corruption, finding a scapegoat, eliminating the scapegoat, and relaxing until we find the next scandal." Gingrich didn't care that Republican leaders of the time found him uncouth—just as senior Democrats were wary of Chris Bell's ethics crusade. "Be gentlemanly, and once you've made your point, get on with the business of governing," was the motto of Bob Michel, then the House GOP leader. But, in Gingrich's view, gentlemen were political losers.

One of Gingrich's core insights was that the press loves ungentlemanly conduct. "The number-one fact about the news media," he once explained, "is that they love fights. When you give them confrontations, you get attention"—a rule that undoubtedly holds true to this day. Gingrich also understood that no confrontation gets more ink than a nasty, personal one. As *The Washington Post*'s media critic, Howard Kurtz, would later write, "Gingrich filled ... the need for a colorful combatant who could be counted on to denounce the ruling Democrats in the harshest terms."

The conclusion Gingrich correctly drew was that a well-orchestrated media campaign could bring down even the most powerful Democratic leader—which could begin the downfall of the entire Democratic majority. By the mid-'80s, he had chosen as his first target no less a figure than the House speaker himself, Jim Wright, whose personal finances were the subject of rumors and innuendo. For months, Gingrich hounded the Washington press corps and editorial boards around the country with every scrap of information he could find to support his (highly quotable) claim that Wright was "the least ethical speaker in this century." The relentlessness of Gingrich's pursuit became a story of its own, as chronicled in John Barry's *The Ambition and the Power*, an exhaustively detailed 1989 account of Wright's rise and fall:

> Wherever Gingrich traveled for a speech ... he would talk about corruption in the House, and the corruption of Jim Wright. He told his audiences to write letters to the editors of their local newspapers, to call in on talk shows, to demand answers from their local Congressmen in public meetings, *What are you doing about Jim Wright?* ... He sought out local political investigative reporters or editorial writers, and urged them to look into Wright. Perhaps the local paper would write an editorial condemning the way Jim Wright ran the House, or, better yet, about corruption in the House, or about Wright himself. Perhaps local reporters would raise the issue with local congressmen. Perhaps they would write about Wright's affairs.

Though Gingrich's initial charges were thin, the drumbeat he started led to the 1987 revelation of an unseemly book-publishing deal that benefited Wright. The dollar stakes were relatively small—about $50,000—and there was no apparent legislative quid pro quo. But, thanks to the environment of suspicion Gingrich had so laboriously created, Wright was effectively finished; he resigned in 1989. The moral of the story: Prophesizing a downfall can be self-fulfilling.

Wright's fall lent credence to Gingrich's argument that Congress was a corrupt institution—and that only the coarse cleansing agent of reformist Republicans could salvage it. Crucially, Gingrich also wove larger themes into this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

argument—namely, the failure of a bloated "welfare state" the Democrats had created. But Gingrich depended on the institutional micro-scandals he was creating to get across his larger themes.

Going after individuals wasn't enough. Gingrich needed to wage a campaign against Congress itself, to convince voters it was one huge toilet that needed to be flushed—taking the Democratic majority along with it. He hammered at issues like pay raises and term limits to show that Congress was out of touch. And he convinced the public that the House itself was a corrupt institution. He hinted, without evidence, that a staffer in the House post office had sold cocaine. And, in 1991, he conjured a major political scandal almost out of nothing: the House bank affair. After a federal audit found that congressmen were routinely overdrawing their accounts from a House-managed bank without penalty, Gingrich turned what amounted to small, interest-free loans to members into a national story. Gingrich's sicced a group of GOP freshmen known as "the Gang of Seven" on the story. The gang fought to release the name of every member who had committed an overdraft—even if it meant embarrassing important Republicans (including Gingrich, who himself had 22 overdrafts). The damage inflicted on Democratic leaders would be worth the price. Republicans pounded the story with the same theatrical flair with which Gingrich had hounded Wright. One Gang of Seven member, Jim Nussle, even appeared on the House floor with a brown paper bag over his head to illustrate the Democrats' attempts to conceal the names of offending members.

Nussle may have looked foolish, but such antics hurt the entire House's image—which is just what Gingrich wanted. By the spring of 1992, a *New York Times*/CBS poll found that a mere 17 percent of respondents approved of Congress's performance, which, as the *Times* duly noted, was "the lowest level ever." The banking scandal became a driving issue in the 1992 elections, and public disgust (combined with the retirement of several members who felt that congressional service was, as *The New York Times* put it, "much less attractive than it used to be") led to the highest turnover of House seats since 1948. Despite the coattails of Bill Clinton's election, Republicans managed to pick up ten seats in the House.

Gingrich wasn't just good at bringing down his enemies—he also had a knack for blowing up legislation (see Ryan Lizza, "Hardball 101," page 15). As with his attacks on Democratic leaders, Gingrich could create outrages almost from scratch. For instance, when the Clinton administration proposed a crime bill in the summer of 1994, House Republicans detested its gun-control provisions. But, rather than fight on those grounds, GOP members, led by Gingrich, ingeniously seized upon some egregious pork in the bill and accused Democrats of misusing money that should go to law enforcement. Most memorably, Republicans pounced on funding for so-called "midnight basketball"—a well-established program once promoted by George H.W. Bush—and cast it as wacky "social spending" that coddled thugs who probably belonged in jail. Gingrich also threw up his usual smoke, blithely proclaiming that the Clinton bill would "release over 10,000 drug dealers who are currently in prison," even though it would do no such thing.

Democrats fumed. Representative David Obey of Wisconsin grumbled that Republicans "would rather embarrass the majority than move the consensus; they will do whatever is necessary to deny Clinton a political victory." And, to the very end, House Republican leader Bob Michel complained about Gingrich's tactics, grousing just before his retirement about House members who liked "trashing the institution."

Gingrich may not have been popular among the House's old bulls. But, by the fall of 1994, it didn't matter. Republicans picked up a stunning 52 House seats. Gingrich, once considered a taboo-breaking maniac, would become the first Republican House speaker in 40 years.

A DECADE AFTER Republicans shattered their majority, many Democrats still think like David Obey. They view their GOP foes as crude barbarians who defile the House's historic dignity. But there is a growing sentiment among Democrats that it is time to stop scorning the Gingrich revolutionaries—and the DeLay reactionaries who have inherited Newt's legacy—and start imitating them. Chris Bell, for instance, told me that he had plowed through all 768 pages of *The Ambition and The Power* as he prepared his complaint against DeLay, looking for inspiration from Gingrich's tactics. "The parallels are striking," he says. "It seems the Republicans are now guilty of all the abuses they were complaining about at the time."

If turnabout is fair play, then Democrats should charge ahead on GOP ethics. The list of credible charges against leading Republicans is beginning to look like a Washington version of Tony Soprano's rap sheet. In addition to the Ethics Committee's three recent admonishments of DeLay, there's good reason to think GOP leaders tried to bribe Representative Nick Smith into voting for a Medicare bill in exchange for contributions to his son's House campaign. Another investigation is currently underway into whether House Administration Committee Chairman Bob Ney did a legislative favor for the spectacularly disgraced Republican lobbyist Jack Abramoff in exchange for campaign contributions and a $50,000 golf junket to Scotland. Democrats are understandably scandalized over former House Energy and Commerce Committee Chairman Billy Tauzin's recent hiring as the pharmaceutical industry's top lobbyist little more than a year after he authored a prescription-drug bill that was enormously favorable to drug companies. And those are just the greatest hits. Other galling episodes have already been forgotten—such as the way GOP Whip Roy Blunt was caught slipping an undebated pro-tobacco provision into a budget bill. (Perhaps not coincidentally, Blunt's son and his wife are both tobacco lobbyists.)

No doubt aware of their vulnerability, Republicans have made it more difficult for Democrats to initiate ethics inves-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tigations. A new rule passed last week requires an ethics committee majority to start one, which effectively lets Republicans block future Democratic complaints. But, as Bell notes, that should just embolden Democrats. "That in and of itself is the story," Bell says. "The ethics process of the House is what the Democrats should be talking about."

It's true. As Gingrich showed, ethics fights have a critical media dimension. Yet it's a lesson that still seems lost on House Democrats. After three top fund-raisers linked to DeLay were indicted last fall for the improper use of corporate campaign donations, for instance, you'd think Democrats would have sprinted for the microphones to fuel the story. But their reaction was curiously muted. A *Post* story the following day noted that "House Democratic leaders were reluctant to pile on DeLay publicly." Why? Because Democrats—as part of their endless cycle of retooling their message—were unveiling a new legislative agenda that same day and hoped to focus press attention on it. Unsurprisingly, the media largely ignored the Democrats' bland manifesto and instead fixated on the DeLay story, yet with precious few quotes from Democrats. Gingrich, of course, would never have taken a day off from prosecuting his case against Wright. If Democrats want to keep Republicans on the defensive, they shouldn't, either.

House Democrats have also shown a certain lack of imagination when it comes to ginning up headline-grabbing outrages like the House bank scandal. One Democratic aide, for instance, suggests that his party pounce on the fact that the price tag for a new underground visitors' center at the U.S. Capitol has more than doubled to over half a billion dollars. ("No one's overseeing it!" he cracks with mock outrage. "It's a veritable Taj Mahal!") Washington Representative Adam Smith concurred. "What kind of issue do you think that would be if it was 1992?" Smith asked. "How much would Newt Gingrich be talking about it? How much would Rush Limbaugh be talking about it? We've got to grab those issues and jam them as much as possible."

The GOP Congress offers plenty of other opportunities. Consider junkets. Last year, a study found that private interests spent $14 million to fund more than 4,000 congressional trips since 2000. Sure, plenty of Democrats were implicated—Barney Frank was one of the House's top offenders. But many Republicans, including Gingrich, were implicated in the House bank scandal. Gingrich understood that you can't fight a war without risking casualties. (And don't doubt the outrage-value of junkets; indulgent travel is widely blamed for the surprise defeat last fall of veteran Illinois Republican Phil Crane.)

The same goes for pork-barrel spending. Despite the budget deficit, Congress—a conservative Republican Congress, remember—set an all-time record last year by spending over $23 billion on pork projects, according to a study by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Heritage Foundation. Surely there are millions of erstwhile Ross Perot voters waiting to be whipped up by this outrage. Yet Democrats rarely attack pork—once again, no doubt, because they are themselves implicated.

Finally, there is the Gingrichian art of using minor provisions to blow bills out of the water. One such opportunity came last November, when Democrats discovered that Republicans had slipped a provision into a massive end-of-the-year budget bill granting any congressman or designated staffer the power to look at individual tax returns. Republicans claimed the provision was benign, and it may have been. But Democrats should have designated a SWAT team to spend the next month talking about nothing but the Republicans' creepy Big Brother ploy. Instead, they spent a couple of days offering up obligatory outrage—but the story was really driven more by the persistent blogging of Joshua Micah Marshall than by any Democratic press offensive.

Democrats could weave individual outrages like these into a broader theme of accountability. They might argue that 1980s-style permanent incumbency has returned to the House, where just two of 435 non-redistricted incumbents were defeated last November, and where nearly a third as many members have died in office (eight) since the 2000 election as have been voted out (25). That lack of accountability has allowed Republicans to become co-opted by Washington, allowing ethics to slide, pork to multiply, deficit spending to explode. Why, those arrogant Republicans can't even build a visitors' center without wasting hundreds of millions of dollars!

TOTAL WAR AGAINST the House GOP would also require a new killer instinct when it comes to floor battles. Some Democrats cling to a quaint desire to "work with" their moderate Republican colleagues. But such partnerships typically do more harm than good. For instance, it was an amendment sponsored by ultra-liberals Dennis Kucinich and Bernie Sanders that added an instant $300 rebate to the first of George W. Bush's tax cuts. Of course, the checks went out with a letter crediting Bush—making it seem like they were his idea and swelling support for his policy. Democratic amendments can also help vulnerable GOP moderates looking for bipartisan cover back in their own districts. "Democrats will [team up] with moderate Republicans like Chris Shays or Rob Simmons, and these guys go back to Connecticut and say, 'Well, I worked with my [Democratic] friend Carolyn Maloney,' and no one blames him for voting with DeLay," says a House legislative aide "We have to stop legislating. They end up stripping out this stuff in conference anyway." Republicans will be especially desperate for such Democratic cover when it comes to Social Security. It's time for Democrats to adopt George W. Bush's motto: You're either with us or against us.

Of course, that will require intense party discipline. Here Democrats could learn something from the current House GOP leadership, which last week announced that it was ousting House Veterans' Affairs Committee Chairman Christopher Smith merely because he complained about proposed cuts in veterans spending. By contrast, at virtually the same time, Democrats announced that their new ranking member on the House Agriculture Committee would be Minnesota Representative Collin Peterson—one of the most Republican-friendly Democrats in the House. In 2003, Peterson cast a heretical vote for the GOP prescription-drug bill. He has often failed to pay his caucus dues and has even been the subject of recent party-switching rumors. Democratic leaders gave him the prized committee post anyway, claiming that he had promised to be a "team player" in the future. "Democrats are wimpy about holding each other accountable," grouses one House Democratic leadership aide. "There's always a lot of talk ... but there are no repercussions."

Finally, Democrats should reconsider their parliamentary options. While they enjoy nothing comparable to the filibuster power of senators, Democrats can bring the House to a temporary crawl for a day or so at a time via constant procedural votes. Some Democrats complain that party leaders don't pursue such nettlesome tactics for the simple reason that they're inconvenient. For instance, during the infamous 2003 Medicare vote, which House Republicans staged in the middle of the night, when few reporters were awake to see them browbeat holdout members, some Democrats proposed calling for delaying votes to extend the politically vital debate—which began past midnight on a Friday—through the weekend, creating a newsworthy surprise for the media and forcing Republicans to twist arms by the light of day. "But everyone complained about plans, schedules, and plane tickets," says a Democratic staffer. Something similar had happened earlier that year, when Pelosi, responding to a series of particularly egregious GOP diktats, promised to inflict "a week from hell" upon the House. But apparently Pelosi's fellow Democrats weren't so enthusiastic about constant votes at odd hours, and the promised onslaught amounted to just a handful of delays. "The crass reality is that the members' own convenience trumps" such tactics, says the Democratic aide.

IT'S NOT JUST convenience holding Democrats back. Some argue that radical tactics in 1994 mattered less than early Clinton administration debacles like gays in the military and health care, as well as the assault-weapons ban, which wildly energized conservative voters. "If you go back and really analyze '94, [Republicans] never convinced anyone but their base," says Democrat Rahm Emanuel, the incoming chairman of the DCCC. "Their base showed up and ours didn't, and that's what flipped it." Perhaps. But it's also possible that a relentless Gingrichian attack on Social Security reform—coupled with broadsides against the GOP's stewardship of Congress—could conjure a similar perfect storm in 2006.

Democrats also fear, understandably, that militant tactics will get them branded as obstructionists. The defeat of Senator Tom Daschle, who was savaged for blocking the Bush agenda, suggests that red-state Democrats could pay dearly.

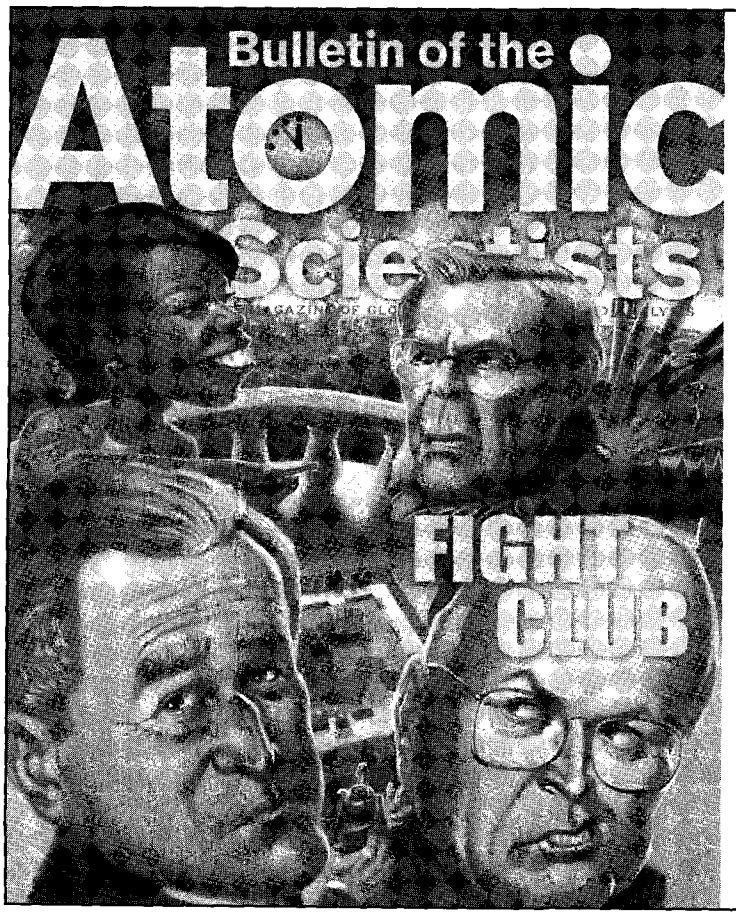
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But Democrats may well have to make short-term sacrifices in the name of long-term gains. Gingrich's House bank crusade cost some Republicans their seats—but the party won a majority a few years later. And the recent entrenchment of incumbency through gerrymandering suggests that only a national tide sparked by bold action—and not cautious, incremental gains—can return the Democrats to power.

Perhaps most significantly, there's a strong psychological resistance among Democrats to burning down the House. Many senior Democrats, especially those who came of age in gentler political times, believe in a civics-class tradition of governing. "What [the Gingrich years] were about was truly very destructive in terms of the institution of Congress itself," says Rosa DeLauro, a member of the House Democratic leadership. "We come here to create good public policy. We don't come here to destroy the institution, we try to make it work, and work better." Adds Massachusetts Democrat Jim McGovern: "I worked as a staffer before becoming a congressman, and I have great respect for this place. And there isn't a day I don't feel privileged to work here. And it drives me nuts to see those guys tearing down what this place is all about."

Democrats say that top caucus leaders like Nancy Pelosi, Steny Hoyer, Bob Menendez, and Charles Rangel tend to share such sentiments. They have fond memories of the "gentlemanly" philosophy of Bob Michel. But several Democrats say there is a growing generational gap in the House, in which some younger members—and many staffers, some of whom have been meeting informally to plot a more radical strategy—are beginning to chafe. "Pelosi is a 'proper' person who believes in rules and order, and who loves the institution," says a Democratic aide. "Almost everyone who was here before 1994 has that problem." It was noteworthy that it took a freshman like Chris Bell to finally go after DeLay. Others who call for more confrontational tactics include junior members like Michael Capuano of Massachusetts and Jan Schakowsky of Illinois. The generational divide isn't absolute: 75-year-old Louise Slaughter of New York is emerging as one of the party's most scalding voices about GOP ethics, while Emanuel, perhaps the House's most influential young leader, is "not of the view that the road to the majority is destruction," he says. "I am of the view that the road is proposing and initiating ideas."

For now, that view carries the day. Democrats say Pelosi listens to colleagues who want to fight in more extreme terms, but the caucus' overarching strategy remains unchanged. But then, Newt Gingrich emerged from beneath a leadership uninterested in bitter partisan warfare. Perhaps a group of junior Democrats will simply rise up on their own—recognizing, as one House Democratic aide puts it, "This is all-out war. They have an all-out war mentality, and I think we need to get one." Newt would have concurred. ■



When reality outruns satire

You need the *Bulletin*.

Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists | Visit www.thebulletin.org or call 1-866-584-0009.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Troubled Beauty

EVERY FILM OF SHAKESPEARE brings persistent questions about Shakespeare on film. The arts of theater and film, cognate though they are, never seem more disparate than in such an instance. The basic breach here is between a form that is classic, whatever its romantic ventures, and a form that is realistic, no matter how romantically it too ventures. The differing organisms of theater and film are never more patent than when Shakespeare is the film subject. Both arts build on texts, but Shakespeare wrote for an audience that liked to listen and films are made for people who primarily like to watch. Put otherwise, Shakespeare lives in his language: films are—the old term is perfect—moving pictures. The two aims blend occasionally but not consistently.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE (Sony Pictures Classics)

In a film, moreover, Shakespeare must always be condensed. Of course the texts are almost always condensed somewhat in the theater (who today would want all the verbal haberdashery that entranced the Elizabethan audience?), but film condensations are done in order to make room for cinema, so the richness of the work as play is bruised. (Some academics hold that filmic elements improve Shakespeare. Apparently there is nothing that some academics will not write on the road to tenure and promotion.)

Much of the debate on this subject would melt if a plain fact were recognized. A film of Shakespeare is not the original in an equivalent form: it is a different creature. This is clear enough in opera. No one mistakes the Boito-Verdi *Otello*, tremendous as it is, for *Othello*. The opera is a quite separate work, grown from Shakespeare and trying through its own means to equal it. Similarly, no one ought reasonably to mistake Kenneth Branagh's *Henry V*, fine as it is, for the work that its author designed for the stage.

Now here is **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE**, inevitably raising all the old questions—and more. This is Michael Radford's film, not Shakespeare's play. The screen adaptation is by Radford, with the text pared, discarding much of the verbal embroidery but also some of the verbal delights. This condensation has provided Radford with chances for lots of Venetian revelry in 1596—bare-breasted wenches are plentiful—and Venetian vistas. What Radford has retained of the original, he treats warmly and intelligently, and with a few welcome surprises in the acting. But he has produced a different work, moderately successful in itself, out of materials provided by Shakespeare.

Chief among the pleasing surprises is Al Pacino's Shylock. With Pacino's past in mind, we might have expected that he would make the sulphurous most of the role's raging moments. (I remember George C. Scott in the my-ducats-and-my-daughter speech: I thought he had literally gone crazy.) Pacino, presumably with Radford's guidance, in the main does otherwise. Excellently made up and costumed, he takes the part inward and makes it tight, bitten, soul-scarred—a man rather than a collection of scenes. Lynn Collins is an admirable Portia, womanly yet commanding. Joseph Fiennes is skillful enough as Bassanio, though he doesn't have the charm that would make Portia long for his return. A particular prize is Jeremy Irons's Antonio. With his first moment, the play's first line—"In sooth, I know not why I am so sad"—he is immersed in middle-aged, virtually inexplicable melancholy. Graceful touches abound: for instance, when Shylock is preparing the bond for Antonio's signature and can't think of a forfeit, or pretends it, and finally proposes the pound of flesh, a small surprised smile crosses Antonio's face at the absurdity of the idea.

Radford pays sufficient attention to the much-bruited view of the Antonio-Bassanio friendship as homoerotic. To establish one aspect of Bassanio, we first see him frivoling with some women, but then we also see him and Antonio kiss goodbye when they part to look for money. That money is to finance Bassanio's pursuit of a wealthy wife in Belmont. The question as to why Antonio risks his life to finance his close friend's departure is answered at the very end with a hint that Bassanio's marriage may not exclude Antonio's love.

But one prominent component of the play simply wobbles in the film. As many have noted, *The Merchant* sets the harrowing story of Shylock against the romantic comedy of Bassanio and Portia. In the theater the contrast can be affecting. On screen those comedic elements simply look phony. The camera, cruelly veristic, turns them into papier-mâché. First, the device of the three caskets by which Portia chooses a husband, a device in which Freud found symbolic depths, seems dully mechanical when thrust at us by the camera. Second, Bassanio's failure to recognize his newly-wed wife in the courtroom just because she has put on a lawyer's gown (and here a fake moustache) is a theater convention that works with theater distances but not in film close-ups. Then there is the ring that Bassanio has promised Portia to wear forever and which he has given to the lawyer. (This ring plot also includes a parallel with a friend of his.) With this last-minute ring mix-up, Shakespeare was clearly trying to restore the key of romantic comedy to his play after the grim trial scene. It can sometimes work on stage. Here, put in our laps (so to speak), it just makes us wish for the film to end.

A much more grave problem accompanies this play, unique in the whole Shakespeare canon. Harold Bloom, eminent Shakespearean, puts it strongly: "One would have to be blind, deaf, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dumb not to recognize that Shakespeare's grand, equivocal comedy *The Merchant of Venice* is nevertheless a profoundly anti-Semitic work." It took two hundred years before Shylock was played as anything other than a stock Jewish buffoon-villain. Subsequently, great actors such as Kean and Booth and Irving portrayed him as a tragic figure—and tailored the play to fit this view. Critics, too, have tried to make this case, attempting to exculpate the author. But no amount of wishful thinking can shift this play from the social attitudes of the author's day into Shylock's tragedy. The best that can be said here in defense of the greatest writer who ever lived is that he gave his Jew a character and a rationale.

In our time, specifically the post-Holocaust time, the play has entered a changed atmosphere. John Gross, in his magisterial study *Shylock: A Legend and Its Legacy*, states the matter calmly and well: "[*The Merchant of Venice*] can never seem quite the same again. It is still a masterpiece; but there is a permanent chill in the air, even in the gardens of Belmont." Radford's film, lithe and lively though it often is, cannot quite escape that chill. ■

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Women of Letters

A NEW PLAY BY CARYL Churchill and the recent death of Susan Sontag remind us how much of the history of literature in the last five decades has been written by remarkable women. Churchill's work has been exclusively designed for the theater. Sontag exercised her prodigious intellect on such creative and cultural forms as literary criticism, belles lettres, novels, short stories, and films, and on such diverse subjects as *nouvelle vague* fiction, photography, medicine, and political protest. She also had some passing encounters with the stage, first as a critic and later as a director and as a playwright.

SUSAN SONTAG

A NUMBER
(New York Theatre Workshop)

Two of her practical theater experiences were with my company, the American Repertory Theatre, giving me an opportunity to revive an old acquaintanceship. I first met Sontag at Columbia in the late 1950s, when she was a graduate student in religion and I was a young professor of English. An omnivorous reader, she had been scouring the criticism of the New York intelligentsia, and now was circulating some of her own writings among potential mentors with the hope of getting them published. After discussing one of her theater essays with this intense and beautiful woman over a very pleasant lunch, I was among those who recommended her to Philip Rahv at *Partisan Review*.

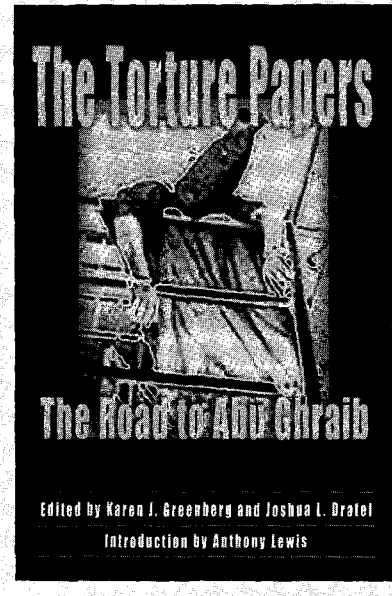
Following Eric Bentley's discovery that the playwright was a thinker, drama criticism in the early 1960s had begun to attract a number of inquiring minds—among them Elizabeth Hardwick, Richard Gilman, Stanley Kauffmann, Gordon Rogoff, Albert Bermel, Wilfrid Sheed, and Richard Hayes. Theater reviewing was to become one of Sontag's entrées into the intellectual world. Fearless in her judgments, bold in her embrace of big ideas, she quickly developed into a penetrating drama critic and essayist, first for *Partisan Review*, later for *The New York Review of Books*.

With "Notes on 'Camp,'" which appeared in *Partisan Review* in 1964, she instantly established herself as an intellectual provocateur with the capacity to raise the hackles of the academic establishment. This essay helped to give cultural legitimacy to what had hitherto been a subterranean homosexual movement. It also managed to legitimize some pretty dreadful kitsch. Sontag apparently saw no contradiction between her embrace of ostentatiously bad art and her uncompromisingly highbrow perch atop Mount Olympus. (A "besotted aesthete," an "obsessed moralist," and a "zealot of seriousness" were a few of her self-characterizations.) Indeed, it was the

CAMBRIDGE

THE DEFINITIVE BOOK OF RECORD

"*The Torture Papers* may well be the most important and damning set of documents exposing U.S. Government lawlessness ever published. Each page tells the story of U.S. leaders consciously willing to ignore the fundamental projections that guarantee all of us our humanity. I fear for our future. **Read these pages and weep for our country**, the rule of law and victims of torture everywhere."
— Michael Ratner, President Center for Constitutional Rights



The Torture Papers
The Road to Abu Ghraib

Edited by Karen J. Greenberg,
Center on Law and Security,
New York University School of Law
Joshua L. Dratel,
Guantanamo Detainee Defense Attorney

Introduction by Anthony Lewis

www.cambridge.org

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conflict between the competing claims of art and politics that marked the zigzags of Sontag's intellectual journey. She straddled often contradictory positions with considerable nimbleness, not always admitting her own inconsistencies. In *Against Interpretation*, she attacked a mode of analytical criticism of which she had been one of the leading and most gifted exponents. In two different essays on Leni Riefenstahl, separated by twenty years, she managed in the first to demand that *Triumph of the Will* be regarded as an aesthetic achievement rather than a political statement and in the second to criticize Riefenstahl's Nazi ideology for infesting her art—arguing both positions with the same eloquence and passion.

Not unusual for an aesthetic thinker, her own politics tended to be zealous and extreme. After a trip to Hanoi, her indictment of the Vietnam War turned into a fundamental criticism of the United States ("founded on genocide"), not to mention the entire white race ("the cancer of human history"). After she traveled to Sarajevo to stage *Waiting for Godot* while the city was being shelled, her sympathy for the victims in Bosnia was not extended to those who failed to follow her own moral example. Sontag's adventures with ideas suggest that she was a fox who knew many things rather than a hedgehog who knew one big thing—except that, each time she changed her position, she assumed the intransigent manner of a hedgehog.

There was sometimes a hint of fashion in the metamorphosis of this transforming, original, questing woman. Her media exposures were few, and she was usually sparing in her public appearances. But she was not above posing for an Absolut Vodka ad—photographed by her longtime partner Annie Leibovitz—reminiscent of Lillian Hellman's Blackglama mink ad ("What Becomes a Legend Most?"). This aspect of her personality led me to include her, along with Norman Mailer and Joe Papp, in an article I published in *The New York Times Magazine* called "News Theater," representing examples of cultural figures as much besotted with celebrity as with achievement. I know my article disturbed her, and I must have had second thoughts about the justice of my remarks, because I removed the Sontag section when I collected that essay into a book. Relations between us cooled for some years, until I asked her to stage Milan Kundera's new play, *Jacques and His Master*, in 1984.

Sontag had done some directing in Europe, notably Pirandello's *As You Desire Me*, which had impressed our dramaturge. I engaged her for an important assignment without ever having seen her work on stage. In many ways, she seemed ideally suited for Kundera's modern adaptation of Diderot's novel *Jacques le Fataliste*, primarily because of her wide knowledge of European literature. The almost child-like exuberance with which she accepted the assignment enchanted us, and she undertook the work with great bursts of energy. She obviously loved being around actors, especially those who had intelligence, while all of us felt privileged to be collaborating with such a vital figure. Her eyes dancing with delight, her jet-black hair parted with a bolt of white as if scorched by some incendiary thought, she showed no sign whatever of the cancer she had fought so bravely in preceding years (and worked so tirelessly to rescue from stigma in *Illness as Metaphor*).

Kundera had stipulated that the action of his play take place on a bare stage. Sontag wanted the background to be a blowup of a Piranesi engraving of Hadrian's ruined villa at Tivoli. Having barely survived an unpleasant encounter with Samuel Beckett over JoAnne Akalaitis's decision to set *Endgame* in an abandoned subway station rather than in the bare room that he specified, we made sure that Kundera was willing to approve her changes. He seemed to have no problem with them. Indeed, Doug Stein's Piranesi set, Jane Greenwood's period costumes, and Jennifer Tipton's chiaroscuro lighting were among the most compelling aspects of the production.

Clearly, Sontag's theatrical imagination, like that of Jonathan Miller, was essentially visual and intellectual. Despite her intimate grasp of the text, she had difficulty communicating with the actors, who were accustomed to specific instructions rather than lectures, however brilliant, on the philosophy and art of the eighteenth century. Confused and a little disgruntled, they gently took over the production and performed it in their own way. *Jacques and His Master* was not much admired by theater cognoscenti, but it turned out to be the most popular production in the history of our theater. The combined marquee power of Sontag, Kundera, and Diderot proved to be irresistible to a Cambridge audience, and *Jacques and His Master* played to standing-room-only crowds throughout its run.

A few years later, Sontag sent us her play *Alice in Bed*, and as always happens when someone you admire offers you a work you don't much like, we did a lot of soul-searching before deciding to put it on. I had always regretted Sontag's decision to write fiction rather than criticism. I confess I never managed to finish any of her novels. And while her new play—about William and Henry James's bedridden sister Alice—had some strength as a study of unacknowledged genius, it was also disjointed and derivative, with a tea-party episode that combined the lunacies of Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass* with the feminist acrobatics of Caryl Churchill's *Top Girls*, concluding with a sickbed scene involving a garrulous burglar that seemed to have been borrowed from Shaw's *Too True to Be Good*.

But Sontag was generous in her willingness to let the experimental director Bob McGrath treat the script as a scenario for his own imaginative leaps. She allowed the same liberties to other directors of the play, notably Robert Wilson and Ivo van Hove, so that by now *Alice in Bed* has become a kind of theatrical Rorschach test for international auteurs. I titled my review of the van Hove production "Deconstructing Susan," because it subjected Sontag's work to the same kind of critical reinterpretation that she once applied so brilliantly to others. And that is probably my most vivid memory of this extraordinary woman: an intellect continually remaking itself, always in process, always on the move. Peace to her restless spirit.

Caryl Churchill's **A NUMBER** (at the New York Theatre Workshop) is a haunting new work that takes you around the moral universe in eighty minutes. Churchill's theatrical purpose has always been essentially political and polemical on the surface, human and poetic at the core, whether she is anatomizing rack-renting (*Owners*) or colonialism (*Cloud Nine*) or feminism (*Top Girls*) or stock-market chicanery (*Serious Money*) or totalitarianism (*Far Away*). Her new play is about the cloning of human beings, but instead of rehearsing the ethical debates of artificial replication, she manages to make this explosive subject into a moving domestic tragedy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What emerges out of a series of impressionistic telegraphic exchanges between a father and his three sons, only one of them born of woman, is a profound examination of human frailty and loss. Salter (Sam Shepard), dissatisfied with the twisted nature of his four-year-old son Bernard 1 (Dallas Roberts), sends him away "into care" to be replaced in his affections by Bernard 2 (Dallas Roberts), a genetic duplicate. Unbeknown to Salter, the doctors have generated "a number" of these "things," and Salter is thinking of suing the hospital for a large sum of money.

A repressed, lonely, and deeply duplicitous individual, Salter has been living a lie with Bernard 2 for thirty-five years. The first scene of the play brings the crucial revelation, after the son's visit to the cloning hospital, that he is not Salter's natural child; indeed, there were nineteen others "in the batch." Perhaps unconsciously parodying Arthur Miller, Bernard 2 tells his father: "They're all your sons." (Bernard happens to be a name that also appears in *Death of a Salesman*.) But Salter can only think about how much in damages his lawyer will ask from the hospital for stealing his son's genetic material.

In the second scene, Salter sees the first Bernard again, after an absence of thirty-five years, and one begins to understand why he wanted to replace him with a clone. Bernard 1 is a sullen, angry, and vindictive individual (though it is a weakness in the play to assume that Salter would already have regarded a four-year-old child as "a disgusting little thing" suitable to be discarded). Are Bernard's violent qualities the result of a genetic inheritance or of his mother's suicide under a subway train and his father's cruelty in locking him up in a closet whenever he shouted? How much do we owe to nature and how much to nurture? The play explores the Ibsenite issue of what impact the past has upon the present, and to what extent our actions are determined by our genes. Considering the contrast between the gentle Bernard 2 and the merciless Bernard 1 (who ends up murdering his sequel), there is little question where the author stands on this complex subject of individual identity.

The play ends with a visit by Michael Black (Roberts again), yet another clone of Bernard 1, who by now has killed himself as well. To Salter, this cheery new figure, married with three children, is a total stranger who nevertheless bears his DNA. The poignant last scene finds Salter, having lost two sons, desperately trying to find a path into his relationship with another one. But there is nothing between them, not even any shared bitterness over the replication (cloning makes Michael feel he belongs). Salter is left a tragic, abandoned figure, lost in a vacuum of his own making, mourning both the replicant and the true son: "I miss him so much. I miss them both."

Eugene Lee's minimal set turns the entire auditorium into a medical theater where we sit watching Churchill and her actors dissect their subject. The director, James Macdonald, gets intense performances from Sam Shepard, his lined, forlorn Gary Cooper features clenched in an attitude of bafflement and remorse, and from Dallas Roberts, playing all the sons with the kind of variety that suggests even clones have value—that whatever our genetic inheritance, we are all of us discrete, unknowable individuals. ■

Richard A. Posner
Blinkered

BLINK: THE POWER OF THINKING WITHOUT THINKING
By Malcolm Gladwell
(Little, Brown, 277 pp., $25.95)

THERE ARE TWO TYPES OF thinking, to oversimplify grossly. We may call them intuitive and articulate. The first is the domain of hunches, snap judgments, emotional reactions, and first impressions—in short, instant responses to sensations. Obviously there is a cognitive process involved in such mental processes; one is responding to information. But there is no conscious thought, because there is no time for it. The second type of thinking is the domain of logic, deliberation, reasoned discussion, and scientific method. Here thinking is conscious: it occurs in words or sentences or symbols or concepts or formulas, and so it takes time. Articulate thinking is the model of rationality, while intuitive thinking is often seen as primitive, "emotional" in a derogatory sense, the only type of thinking of which animals are capable; and so it is articulate thinking that distinguishes human beings from the "lower" animals.

When, many years ago, a judge confessed that his decisions were based largely on hunch, this caused a bit of a scandal; but there is increasing recognition that while judicial opinions, in which the judge explains his decision, are models of articulate thinking, the decision itself—the outcome, the winner—will often come to the judge in a flash. But finally the contrast between intuitive and articulate thinking is overdrawn: it ignores the fact that deliberative procedures can become unconscious simply by becoming habitual, without thereby being intuitive in the sense of pre-verbal or emotional; and that might be the case with judicial decisions, too.

Malcolm Gladwell, a journalist, wishes to bring to a popular audience the results of recent research in psychology and related disciplines, such as neuroscience, which not only confirm the importance of intuitive cognition in human beings but also offer a qualified vindication of it. He argues that intuition is often superior to articulate thinking. It often misleads, to be sure; but with an awareness of the pitfalls we may be able to avoid them.

As Exhibit A for the superiority of intuitive to articulate thinking, Gladwell offers the case of a purported ancient Greek statue that was offered to the Getty Museum for $10 million. Months of careful study by a geologist (to determine the age of the statue) and by the museum's lawyers (to trace the statue's provenance) convinced the museum that it was genuine. But when historians of ancient art looked at it, they experienced an "intuitive revulsion," and indeed it was eventually proved to be a fake.

The example is actually a bad one for Gladwell's point, though it is a good illustration of the weakness of this book,

Richard A. Posner is a judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit and a senior lecturer at the University of Chicago Law School.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which is a series of loosely connected anecdotes, rich in "human interest" particulars but poor in analysis. There is irony in the book's blizzard of anecdotal details. One of Gladwell's themes is that clear thinking can be overwhelmed by irrelevant information, but he revels in the irrelevant. An anecdote about food tasters begins: "One bright summer day, I had lunch with two women who run a company in New Jersey called Sensory Spectrum." The weather, the season, and the state are all irrelevant. And likewise that hospital chairman Brendan Reilly "is a tall man with a runner's slender build." Or that "inside, JFCOM [Joint Forces Command] looks like a very ordinary office building.... The business of JFCOM, however, is anything but ordinary." These are typical examples of Gladwell's style, which is bland and padded with clichés.

But back to the case of the Greek statue. It illustrates not the difference between intuitive thinking and articulate thinking, but different articulate methods of determining the authenticity of a work of art. One method is to trace the chain of title, ideally back to the artist himself (impossible in this case); another is to perform chemical tests on the material of the work; and a third is to compare the appearance of the work to that of works of art known to be authentic. The fact that the first two methods happened to take longer in the particular case of the Getty statue is happenstance. Had the seller produced a bill of sale from Phidias to Cleopatra, or the chemist noticed that the statue was made out of plastic rather than marble, the fake would have been detected in the blink of an eye. Conversely, had the statue looked more like authentic statues of its type, the art historians might have had to conduct a painstakingly detailed comparison of each feature of the work with the corresponding features of authentic works. Thus the speed with which the historians spotted this particular fake is irrelevant to Gladwell's thesis. Practice may not make perfect, but it enables an experienced person to arrive at conclusions more quickly than a neophyte. The expert's snap judgment is the result of a deliberative process made unconscious through habituation.

As one moves from anecdote to anecdote, the reader of *Blink* quickly realizes, though its author does not, that a variety of interestingly different mental operations are being crammed unhelpfully into the "rapid cognition" pigeonhole. In one anecdote, Dr. Lee Goldman discovers that the most reliable quick way of determining whether a patient admitted to a hospital with chest pains is about to have a heart attack is by using an algorithm based on just four data: the results of the patient's electrocardiogram, the pain being unstable angina, the presence of fluid in the lungs, and systolic blood pressure below one hundred. There is no diagnostic gain, Goldman found, from also knowing whether the patient has the traditional risk factors for heart disease, such as being a smoker or suffering from diabetes. In fact, there is a diagnostic loss, because an admitting doctor who gave weight to these factors (which are indeed good long-term predictors of heart disease) would be unlikely to admit a patient who had none of the traditional risk factors but was predicted by the algorithm to be about to have a heart attack.

To illustrate where rapid cognition can go wrong, Gladwell introduces us to Bob Golomb, an auto salesman who attributes his success to the fact that "he tries never to judge anyone on the basis of his or her appearance." More unwitting irony here, for Gladwell himself is preoccupied with people's appearances. Think of Reilly, with his runner's build; or John Gottman, who claims to be able by listening to a married couple talk for fifteen minutes to determine with almost 90 percent accuracy whether they will still be married in fifteen years, and whom Gladwell superfluously describes as "a middle-aged man with owl-like eyes, silvery hair, and a neatly trimmed beard. He is short and very charming...." And then there is "Klin, who bears a striking resemblance to the actor Martin Short, is half Israeli and half Brazilian, and he speaks with an understandably peculiar accent." Sheer clutter.

Golomb, the successful auto salesman, is contrasted with the salesmen in a study in which black and white men and women, carefully selected to be similar in every aspect except race and sex, pretended to shop for cars. The blacks were quoted higher prices than the whites, and the women higher prices than the men. Gladwell interprets this to mean that the salesmen lost out on good deals by judging people on the basis of their appearance. But the study shows no such thing. The authors of the study did not say, and Gladwell does not show, and Golomb did not suggest, that auto salesmen are incorrect in believing that blacks and women are less experienced or assiduous or pertinacious car shoppers than white males and therefore can be induced to pay higher prices. The Golomb story contained no mention of race or sex. (Flemington, where Golomb works, is a small town in central New Jersey that is only 3 percent black.) And when he said he tries not to judge a person on the basis of the person's appearance, it seems that all he meant was that shabbily dressed and otherwise unprepossessing shoppers are often serious about buying a car. "Now, if you saw this man [a farmer], with his coveralls and his cow dung, you'd figure he was not a worthy customer. But in fact, as we say in the trade, he's all cashed up."

It would not occur to Gladwell, a good liberal, that an auto salesman's discriminating on the basis of race or sex might be a rational form of the "rapid cognition" that he admires. If two groups happen to differ on average, even though there is considerable overlap between the groups, it may be sensible to ascribe the group's average characteristics to each member of the group, even though one knows that many members deviate from the average. An individual's characteristics may be difficult to determine in a brief encounter, and a salesman cannot afford to waste his time in a protracted one, and so he may quote a high price to every black shopper even though he knows that some blacks are just as shrewd and experienced car shoppers as the average white, or more so. Economists use the term "statistical discrimination" to describe this behavior. It is a better label than stereotyping for what is going on in the auto-dealer case, because it is more precise and lacks the distracting negative connotation of stereotype, defined by Gladwell as "a rigid and unyielding system." But is it? Think of how stereotypes of professional women, Asians, and homosexuals have changed in recent years. Statistical discrimination erodes as the average characteristics of different groups converge.

Gladwell reports an experiment in which some students are told before a test to think about professors and other students are told to think about soccer hooligans, and the first group does better on the test. He thinks this result shows the fallacy of stereotypical thinking. The experimenter claimed it showed that peo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ple are so suggestible that they can be put in a frame of mind in which they feel smarter and therefore perform smarter. The claim is undermined by a literature of which Gladwell seems unaware, which finds that self-esteem is correlated negatively rather than positively with academic performance. Yet, true or false, the claim is unrelated to statistical discrimination, which is a matter of basing judgments on partial information.

The average male CEO of a Fortune 500 company is significantly taller than the average American male, and Gladwell offers this as another example of stereotypical thinking. That is not very plausible: a CEO is selected only after a careful search to determine the candidate's individual characteristics. Gladwell ignores the possibility that tall men are disproportionately selected for leadership positions because of personality characteristics that are correlated with height, notably self-confidence and a sense of superiority perhaps derived from experiences in childhood, when tall boys lord it over short ones. Height *might* be a tiebreaker, but it would be unlikely to land the job for a candidate whom an elaborate search process revealed to be less qualified than a shorter candidate.

GLADWELL APPLAUDS THE rule that a police officer who stops a car driven by someone thought to be armed should approach the seated driver from the rear on the driver's side but pause before he reaches the driver, so that he will be standing slightly behind where the driver is sitting. The driver, if he wants to shoot the officer, will have to twist around in his seat, and this will give the officer more time to react. Gladwell says that this rule is designed to prevent what he calls "temporary autism." This is one of many cutesy phrases and business-guru slogans in which this book abounds. Others include "mind-blindness," "listening with your eyes," "thin slicing"—which means basing a decision on a small amount of the available information—and the "Warren Harding error," which is thinking that someone who looks presidential must have the qualities of a good president.

Autistic people treat people as inanimate objects rather than as thinking beings like themselves, and as a result they have trouble predicting behavior. Gladwell argues that a police officer who fears that his life is in danger will be unable to read the suspect's face and gestures for reliable clues to intentions (Gladwell calls this "mind reading") and is therefore likely to make a mistake; he is "mind-blinded," as if he were autistic. The rule gives him more time to decide what the suspect's intentions are. It seems a sensible rule, but the assessment of it gains nothing from a reference to autism. Obviously you are less likely to shoot a person in mistaken self-defense the more time you have in which to assess his intentions.

Gladwell endorses a claim by the psychologist Paul Ekman that careful study of a person's face while he is speaking will reveal unerringly whether he is lying. Were this true, the implications would be revolutionary. The CIA could discard its lie detectors. Psychologists trained by Ekman could be hired to study videotapes of courtroom testimony and advise judges and jurors whom to believe and whom to convict of perjury. Ekman's "Facial Action Coding System" would dominate the trial process. Gladwell is completely credulous about Ekman's claims. Ekman told him that he studied Bill Clinton's facial expressions during the 1992 campaign and told his wife, "This is a guy who wants to be caught with his hand in the cookie jar, and have us love him for it anyway." This self-serving testimony is no evidence of anything. The natural follow-up question for Gladwell to have asked would have been whether, when Ekman saw the videotape of Clinton's deposition during the run-up to his impeachment, he realized that Clinton was lying. He didn't ask that question. Nor does he mention the flaws that critics have found in Ekman's work.

As with Gladwell's other tales, the Ekman story is not actually about the strengths and the weaknesses of rapid cognition. It took Ekman years to construct his Facial Action Coding System, which Gladwell tells us fills a five-hundred-page binder. Now, it is perfectly true that we can often infer a person's feelings, intentions, and other mental dispositions from a glance at his face. But people are as skillful at concealing their feelings and intentions as they are at reading them in others—hence the need for the FACS, which is itself a product of articulate thinking.

So Gladwell should not have been surprised by the results of an experiment to test alternative methods of discovering certain personal characteristics of college kids, such as emotional stability. One method was to ask the person's best friends; another was to ask strangers to peek inside the person's room. The latter method proved superior. People conceal as well as reveal themselves in their interactions with their friends. In arranging their rooms, they are less likely to be trying to make an impression, so the stranger will not be fooled by prior interactions with the person whose room it is. The better method happened to be the quicker one. But it wasn't better because it was quicker.

REMEMBER JFCOM? IN 2002, it conducted a war game called "Millennium Challenge" in anticipation of the U.S. invasion of Iraq. As commander of the "Red Team" (the adversary in a war game), JFCOM chose a retired Marine general named Paul Van Riper. Oddly, Gladwell never mentions that Van Riper was a general. This omission, I think, is owed to Gladwell's practice of presenting everyone who gets the psychology right as an enemy of the establishment, and it is hard to think of a general in that light, though in fact Van Riper is something of a maverick.

The Blue Team was equipped with an elaborate computerized decision-making tool called "Operational Net Assessment." Van Riper beat the Blue Team in the war game using low-tech, commonsense tactics: when the Blue Team knocked out the Red Team's electronic communications, for example, he used couriers on motorcycles to deliver messages. Was Van Riper's strategy a triumph of rapid cognition, as Gladwell portrays it? Operational Net Assessment was and is an *experimental* program for integrating military intelligence from all sources in order to dispel the "fog of war." The military is continuing to work on it. That Van Riper beat it two years ago is no more surprising than that chess

Choose a Trustworthy, Reliable Web Host.
No Mandate Required.

Ensure your Web site stays up and running. Choose pair Networks as your Web host and domain name registrar.

Learn why over 150,000 sites from around the world call pair Networks home. Visit **www.pair.com.**

pair networks®

www.pair.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

champions easily beat the earliest chess-playing computers: today, in a triumph of articulate "thinking" over intuition, it is the computers that are the champs.

Gladwell also discusses alternative approaches in dating. (The procession of his anecdotes here becomes dizzying.) One is to make a list of the characteristics one desires in a date and then go looking for possible dates that fit the characteristics. The other, which experiments reveal, plausibly, to be superior, is to date a variety of people until you find someone with whom you click. The distinction is not between articulate thinking and intuitive thinking, but between deduction and induction. If you have never dated, you will not have a good idea of what you are looking for. As you date, you will acquire a better idea, and eventually you will be able to construct a useful checklist of characteristics. So this is yet another little tale that doesn't fit the ostensible subject of his book. Gladwell does not discuss "love at first sight," which would be a good illustration of the unreliability of rapid cognition.

In discussing racial discrimination, Gladwell distinguishes between "unconscious attitudes" and "conscious attitudes. That is what we choose to believe." But beliefs are not chosen. You might think it very nice to believe in the immortality of the soul, but you could not will yourself (at least if you are intellectually honest) to believe it. Elsewhere he remarks of someone that when he is excited "his eyes light up and open even wider." But eyes don't light up; it is only by opening them wider that one conveys a sense of excitement. The metaphor of eyes lighting up is harmless, but one is surprised to find it being used by a writer who is at pains to explain exactly how we read intentions in facial expressions—and it is not by observing ocular flashes.

THIS BOOK ALSO SUCCUMBS TO the fallacy that people with good ideas must be good people. Everyone in the book who gets psychology right is not only or mainly a bright person, he is also a noble human being; so there is much emphasis, Kerry-like, on Van Riper's combat performance in the Vietnam War, without explicitly mentioning that he went on to become a lieutenant-general. Such pratfalls, together with the inaptness of the stories that constitute the entirety of the book, make me wonder how far Gladwell has actually delved into the literatures that bear on his subject, which is not a new one. These include a philosophical literature illustrated by the work of Michael Polanyi on tacit knowledge and on "know how" versus "know that"; a psychological literature on cognitive capabilities and distortions; a literature in both philosophy and psychology that explores the cognitive role of the emotions; a literature in evolutionary biology that relates some of these distortions to conditions in the "ancestral environment" (the environment in which the human brain reached approximately its current level of development); a psychiatric literature on autism and other cognitive disturbances; an economic literature on the costs of acquiring and absorbing information; a literature at the intersection of philosophy, statistics, and economics that explores the rationality of basing decisions on subjective estimates of probability (Bayes's Theorem); and a literature in neuroscience that relates cognitive and emotional states to specific parts of and neuronal activities in the brain.

Taken together, these literatures demonstrate the importance of unconscious cognition, but their findings are obscured rather than elucidated by Gladwell's parade of poorly understood yarns. He wants to tell stories rather than to analyze a phenomenon. He tells them well enough, if you can stand the style. (*Blink* is written like a book intended for people who do not read books.) And there are interesting and even illuminating facts scattered here and there, such as the blindfold "sip" test that led Coca-Cola into the disastrous error of changing the formula for Coke so that it would taste more like Pepsi. As Gladwell explains, people do not decide what food or beverage to buy solely on the basis of taste, let alone taste in the artificial setting of a blindfold test; the taste of a food or a drink is influenced by its visual properties. So that was a case in which less information really was less, and not more. And of course he is right that we may drown in information, so that to know less about a situation may sometimes be to know more about it. It is a lesson he should have taken to heart. ■

Peter Green
The End of the Affair

THE LIFE OF GRAHAM GREENE
VOLUME III: 1955–1991
By Norman Sherry
(Viking, 906 pp., $39.95)

I.

IN WILLIAM GOLDING'S WITTILY acerbic novel *The Paper Men*, the famous English novelist Wilfred Barclay is doggedly pursued by a young American professor of English, Rick L. Tucker, who sees him as the perfect vehicle for the creation of a dazzling academic career. From party to party, from country to country, impervious to rebuffs, irrepressible and indefatigable, Tucker stalks his quarry. Irritated yet flattered, and not averse to a little sly exploitation of so eager a hunter, Barclay teases him, makes fun of his earnest wife, dangles half-promises, leads him on. Tucker has a drafted letter ready in his briefcase, needing only its subject's signature, appointing him Barclay's official biographer, with sole exclusive permission to explore his archive and to quote freely from his fiction and correspondence. Thus armed, he grits his teeth and puts up with the great man's ridicule, knowing that if he attains his goal he will be made academically for life, a sure recipient of named chairs and other high honors. He even wins points by saving his prospective ticket to fame from falling to his death off a fog-bound mountain path. In the end, however, the teasing palls on Barclay. Bored with what he has always seen as no more than a game, he gives Tucker a flat and final refusal. Tucker, with the violence of despair, gets a gun and shoots him, so that the last word

Peter Green is Dougherty Centennial Professor Emeritus of Classics at the University of Texas at Austin, and the former fiction critic of the London DAILY TELEGRAPH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Barclay's authorial narrative is left unfinished.

Despite the numerous differences, Golding's scenario recurred to me more than once while reading the three thick volumes of Norman Sherry's monumental biography of Graham Greene. Unlike Tucker, of course, Sherry got what he wanted; and at times during his almost thirty years' tracking of Greene he may have ruefully recalled the old adage about being careful what you wish for. In 1974, partly at the urging of family and friends—who knew as well as he did that there was plenty in his life better kept hidden—Greene was scouting around for a reputable yet manipulable Boswell, who could be encouraged to tell the truth but was likely to have dominant interests that did not emphasize the psychosexual. Norman Sherry, a onetime Catholic and current professor of English, whose previous work on Joseph Conrad was famous for retracing all the secretive Pole's foreign travels and hunting out potential originals for his characters, seemed just such a candidate. Greene carefully inspected him over lunch at the Savile Club in London and decided that he would do. Three years later, in a letter to a friend, he wrote: "When I read Christopher Sykes's *Evelyn Waugh* I felt I had done right in agreeing to Sherry undertaking me. He has the great advantage of not knowing me." The advantage, Greene seems to have felt, was the subject's rather than the biographer's. He was not entirely correct.

A NOTORIOUSLY PRIVATE AND deceptive character, Greene was cautious in setting up his ground rules for Sherry. His original reaction, and with good reason, had been, "Oh, I wouldn't like anyone looking into my life." A few days after the agreement was made—with a handshake only: nothing on paper—he wrote to Sherry, as Sherry records, "asking me not to interview certain women he had known." (Either this caveat was later removed or the hard-beavering Sherry cheerfully ignored it.) Greene dreaded formal interrogations, tape-recorder running. "I will never lie to you, Norman," he told Sherry, "but I will not answer all your questions." His own two memoirs, *A Sort of Life* (1971) and the well-titled *Ways of Escape* (1980), were exercises in *suppressio veri* and devious obfuscation: most notoriously, they all but ignored his wife and children. The second, I have long suspected, was provoked by Sherry's zealous researches, and had the main object, as with a cornered cuttlefish, of squirting out a protective cover of indelible ink. But Greene's tactics proved unsuccessful.

In 1978, he gave Sherry a map of the world marked up with all the spots he had visited; but he over-estimated the degree to which Sherry's repetitive tracking of his obsessional globe-trotting would divert the biographer's energies from other matters, and he can never have anticipated the awe-inspiring and massive quarrying that Sherry carried out, decade after decade, into every aspect of his subject's life and work. The globe-trotting had been not only continual (until quite late in life, Greene averaged about forty thousand flying miles a year), but also, especially early on, so rough and dangerous as to suggest either masochism or suicidal impulses, and—taking the rest of his life into account—very probably both. This was particularly true of the famous trek across Liberia in 1935, chronicled by Greene in *Journey Without Maps* (not strictly true, though the one he had was full of areas blank except for the legend "Cannibals").

Thus the challenge to his would-be biographer involved more than a little Barclay-like literary teasing. As late as 1985, David Lodge, after visiting Greene in Antibes, reported that he "seemed to derive mischievous glee from the tribulations that poor Norman Sherry had suffered in trying to retrace Greene's every step." Indeed, three decades of such sleuthing took a serious toll on Sherry's health (tropical diabetes, dysentery, temporary blindness, internal gangrene) as well as on his time, money, and energy. They were also largely responsible, it would seem, for two divorces.

In a letter in 1984 to Dr. Michel Lechat (the Congo leprologist who figures as Dr. Colin in *A Burnt-Out Case*), Greene wrote that "[Sherry] ... nearly got involved in a revolution in Liberia ... and I fear he will catch leprosy if he goes to the Congo." Still, Greene seems not to have discouraged the trip. What is more, a careful study of all three volumes raises serious doubts, again and again, as to just how effective Sherry's debilitating and often very unpleasant travel may have been. Michael Wood, while trailing Alexander the Great for a television special, suddenly stopped during his ascent of the Khawak Pass, turned to the camera, and simply asked "Why?" Sherry at times must have felt like doing the same. Reading him, I certainly did: Greene himself, after all, thought that his fiction was located in "a region of the mind." This does leave one wondering what his primary motive may have been in choosing a biographer who, on his track record, obviously thought the answers lay in regions of the world.

ONE TELLTALE FEATURE THAT becomes apparent to anyone reading all three volumes in sequence is the biographer's increasing—and perhaps inevitable—personal involvement with his subject over the years. Though Sherry is too modest to include himself in its index, he figures quite noticeably, and to what British critics in particular have found an unseemly degree, in this final volume. He uses lines from his own poetry as epigraphs. He prints a quite appalling prose meditation, apropos Greene's death, on the posthumous ravages carried out by lascivious worms, "turning us gradually into a sort of human jam." He includes a perky photograph of himself, some thirty years back, on a donkey in Mexico. He offers several understated—and revealing—footnotes describing Greene's personal dealings with him. Once, after spending all his own money on Greene at the Savile Club bar, Sherry did manage to borrow a fiver from him for his train fare home. "Don't forget to return it to my sister Elizabeth," he was told ("which of course I did"). As is made very clear elsewhere, while Greene could be generous when so moved, he was expert at getting others to pay for him. One English Secret Service officer's memo noted: "Despite the money he makes out of making the great British public worry about its soul, [Greene] is extremely mercenary."

Sherry was also the target of mischievous retaliation by Greene because of his relentless pursuit of personal details. On one occasion Greene and his Secret Service brother-in-law Rodney Dennys peppered Sherry with quickfire questions about *his* private life; on another, in Anacapri, Sherry realized that a tall shadowy figure, later proved to be Greene, had been physically stalking him. (The novelist had always been a practical joker. He once found another Graham Greene in the phone book, called him up, and berated him for having written "those filthy novels.") And the teasing went on right to the end.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unlike Rick L. Tucker, Sherry finally did get the letter granting him exclusive permission to quote from Greene's writings, published or unpublished. Greene signed it, shakily, complete with the addition of an ambiguous comma, on April 2, 1991—the night before he died. Understandably, his biographer took full advantage of it (some of the best letters are tucked away in the notes). Privileged citation includes, in this final volume, a facsimile, with transcription, of Greene's comments on some forty-seven of his favorite prostitutes. (One is listed, rather mysteriously, as a "real tough buggerer.") It looks as though the biographer may have been getting a little of his own back here. Predictably, this and similar tidbits have aroused fury in Greene's surviving relatives, even though most of what Sherry reveals had already been aired a decade ago in Michael Shelden's prosecutorial *Graham Greene: The Enemy Within*.

This by now more-than-Catullan love-hate relationship between biographer and subject is clearly what has made so many critics uncomfortable about Sherry's final volume, which is also the longest, slackest, and most self-indulgent of the three. "At Graham's death," he writes, "I suddenly felt I'd lost a father, brother, son." In a recent interview he went further: "I often felt I must be him: I lived within him." Then he added: "You can't help but admire him for having sex with everything in sight." Opinions on this may differ. Not surprisingly, Greene continues to haunt Sherry even from beyond the grave. "I have out of fear left the last sentence incomplete," Sherry remarks. Why so? Greene predicted that he would live to read the first volume, but not the second, and he was right on both counts. Having established at least his first prophetic credential, he carefully told Gavin Young in the Travellers' Club that Sherry himself would not live to complete the third. Sherry's "superstitious dread of Greene's powers of divination," he explains, is the reason why he has left unfinished the final sentence of his magnum opus (like the final sentence of *The Paper Men*, though for different reasons). "I haven't completed the work, so I still breathe." In those three long decades he never, like Rick L. Tucker, took a gun to his tormentor, but I suspect there must have been moments of frustration when the idea at least crossed his mind.

Box Office Smash
Check out Stanley Kauffmann's This Week's Films Worth Seeing. Only at www.tnr.com/indexarts

SHERRY'S LONG ODYSSEY IS NOW over, and its 2,251-page monument to his stamina, perseverance, and nervous obsession with his elusive subject demands comparison to such earlier marathon biographies as George D. Painter's of Marcel Proust, Leon Edel's of Henry James, and (perhaps most strikingly) Bevis Hillier's of John Betjeman, also in three volumes totaling more than two thousand pages, and the result, similarly, of almost thirty years' hard work. Unfortunately, although Sherry's appetite for research matches Hillier's, it sometimes remains hit-and-miss in places where one most wants it. To take an obvious example, we learn a good deal more about Greene's lifelong undercover activities as a British spy from Shelden than we ever do from Sherry. Since the present volume covers Greene's trouble-shooting in Cuba, Haiti, the Belgian Congo, Argentina, and Paraguay, this is a pity. We could have done with more of our man in Havana or Port-au-Prince and less of the guilt-ridden Catholic sexpot. Perhaps by way of compensation, Sherry takes care to give us, in each case, a full, knowledgeable, and, when it comes to Haiti, brilliant survey of the political background. But he also sidesteps embarrassing characters, such as the drop-dead beautiful Australian Jocelyn Rickards, with whom Greene was having a very active affair, full of daring al fresco sex, while at the same time trying to juggle his relationship with the Swedish actress Anita Björk and his still ongoing attempts to get his longtime mistress Catherine Walston to marry him. Sherry says Greene downplayed this relationship to him. But it was all there already, convincingly documented, in Shelden.

Sherry is sometimes frustratingly vague about details. This is particularly true of Greene's dealings over income tax. In the 1960s he suffered temporary financial ruin through the machinations of his financial adviser, Thomas Roe, a specialist in offshore tax havens against crippling British tax demands who turned out to be an embezzling crook. Just how far Greene was in danger of prosecution by the British authorities for tax evasion is never made clear: Greene himself thought there was a real risk, and his permanent relocation to Paris and Antibes shows how seriously he took the matter. For a while, too, he was extremely short of cash, living (as he informed Catherine) "on a shoestring and a Swiss overdraft." This was no hyperbole, as the movie director Peter Glenville made clear: "Graham, through Roe, lost *all*, repeat *all*." Sherry's verdict is correct: "[Greene] survived financially, but he'd sustained a severe hemorrhage."

Other clients, including Robert Graves and Noël Coward, were also burned. But perhaps the most serious long-term consequence (as David Lodge, always very perceptive on Greene, recently pointed out) was that "the acute and eloquent observation of English culture and society in the novels up to *The End of the Affair* is not to be found in the later ones." Nor (perhaps because of his always inadequate French) did Greene turn his attention very much to his new country of residence. Instead, as Sherry's final volume reminds us in mind-numbing detail, he kept taking off to promising exotic trouble spots, such as Cuba or Haiti, that would provide him with useful local color, plus that volatile cocktail of sleazy sex and political mayhem which was by now his recognized trademark.

Sherry's other major problem is his writing style. Breezy and conversational, full of intimate asides, curdlingly mixed metaphors, and sometimes embarrassing aphorisms, chopped up into short sections with attention-grabbing titles, his prose too often reads like the paragraphs of a jaunty literary gossip columnist. Worse, his vast text remains conspicuous throughout for its comparative lack of interest in literature as such, especially when dealing with the "Catholic novels." We learn a lot about Brighton in the 1930s, but very little about how the raw elements of *Brighton Rock*—loathing, despair, spiritual accidie—coalesce, against all the odds, to create stunningly effective fiction. We trudge through Tabasco in Greene's footsteps, but emerge none the wiser as to why the spare, monochrome narrative of *The Power and the Glory* moves us so deeply. Sherry proves (what many of us had long suspected)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that Greene, Catherine Walston, and her husband Harry, a wealthy and latterly ennobled British Labor supporter, were uncomfortably close models for Maurice Bendrix and Sarah and Henry Miles in *The End of the Affair*—even to the point, Sherry suggests, of using Catherine's real-life diary for parts of Sarah's agonized (and widely praised) journal entries. Yet all this truffling for real-life antecedents fails to come to grips with the terrible intensity of Maurice's battle with God for Sarah's soul, or to explain why so fine a critic as Frank Kermode regards *The End of the Affair* as Greene's masterpiece.

II

LIFE AND ART IN GREENE'S fiction were, it is true, sometimes disconcertingly intermixed. Catherine owed her own Catholic conversion to Greene's novels, and was in fact his goddaughter; the publication of *The End of the Affair* put a fatal strain on Greene's actual relationship with both his mistress and her hitherto complacent husband. The agonizing tension between Greene's religious convictions and his creative priorities (among which his unusually strong sexual drive should surely be counted) lies at the heart of his long career as a writer. By the time of *The Quiet American*, the emphasis was beginning to shift from God to politics, from sex to opium; but the chronic depressions, the guilt, the quasi-suicidal pursuit of danger remained as strong as ever.

Greene often said (and not only when excusing his marital history) that with him writing always had absolute priority, eclipsing any other demands. We have to ask how this sat with his Catholicism. For Shelden, the answer was easy: Greene—who admitted that he found invention hard, whose characters tended to be drawn from life, whose travel notes were often copied into his novels almost verbatim—simply used Catholicism as a wonderful bag of emotional and dramatic props, to be largely abandoned after he had squeezed the last creative drop out of them. This is plausible, but impercipient. It is rather like Orwell's commonsensical review of *The Heart of the Matter*: "If [Scobie] really felt that adultery was mortal sin, he would stop committing it; if he persisted in it, his sense of sin would weaken. If he believed in Hell, he would not risk going there merely to spare the feelings of a couple of neurotic women." And if he was really averse to causing pain, added the onetime Burma policeman, he "would not be an officer in a colonial police force."

What we have here, generically speaking, is the Protestant reaction to Greene's fictional constructs, that nervous distaste for what the old priest at the end of *Brighton Rock* memorably describes as "the appalling strangeness of the mercy of God." Here Greene's Catholicism, being decidedly eccentric (the hints of Jansenism, the recurrent efforts to strike deals with the Almighty, what Evelyn Waugh characterized as "great balls theologically"), was vulnerable. It also had to carry much unresolved conflict in the matter of sin and damnation left over from his Protestant boyhood, a legacy to which his father, who was also his headmaster, contributed in no small degree. Charles Greene of Berkhamsted School had a raging and prurient obsession for finding and stamping out any hint of masturbation or other sexual activity among his pupils. What was more, he expected his son to serve as one of his many spies and snoopers in this unsavory pursuit. No wonder the adult novelist ended up obsessed by the twin themes of sex and betrayal.

GREENE'S STRUGGLE TO WORK this burden out exhibited the mercy of God in stranger ways, I suspect, than even he had foreseen. It could also be argued that such a conflict of loyalties at an impressionable age—to his parents on one side of that famous green baize door, to his fellow students on the other—was a perfect preparation for his part-time career as a spy (even, some might speculate, as a double agent). That a quite astonishing number of his relatives (including an uncle, his sister, and two of his brothers) actually served in SIS or MI6 should come as no surprise. Masks and deception, creative lying, cover stories and double-dealing, ambiguities of faith and allegiance: for Greene, all these were bred in the bone. Catholicism, with its rock-hard certainties, its system of confession and absolution, must have struck him as having at least an outside chance of resolving his guilt, of freeing him from what he once described as the mortmain of the past, of helping him to govern, or at least to find forgiveness for, his always unruly sexual conduct, his troughs of self-hatred and despair.

As an Oxford undergraduate, Greene was an articulate and aggressive atheist. By his own account, he originally became a Catholic because of his determination to marry Vivien Dayrell-Browning, also a convert. After innumerable urgent letters and even the offer of a celibate union (she was terrified of sex) had failed to wear down Vivien's nervous resistance, Greene took the plunge. "If you need this for your fuck," said his friend Claud Cockburn, "go ahead and do it." He did. Initial marital bliss followed: for a while husband and wife were inseparable. Neither Sherry nor Shelden offers any explanation as to how the lady's fears were so quickly overcome; Greene obviously deserves some credit here. But domesticity, the original Venus flytrap, loomed threateningly. Vivien developed a line in cuddly animal love-talk; children arrived to challenge Greene's monopoly and interrupt his creative silences. Bliss evaporated, the itch for tarts returned.

It was not only his work that demanded spells of solitude. Love turned to boredom, for Greene a constant menace. God indeed moves in a mysterious way, as Vivien must often have reflected after her husband finally left her: they were never divorced. Ennui morphed into loathing. "Poor dear," Vivien once told him, disconcertingly, "you wish I was dead." The hatred of his marriage clearly lay behind a story called "The Destructors," which described the vandalism, by a gang of hooligans, of a house based, in detail, on the last London home the Greenes shared.

From *Brighton Rock* to *The End of the Affair*, hatred, damnation, and hell were far more powerful elements in Greene's fiction than love, redemption, and heaven: the *huis clos* of eternal damnation had left its indelible mark on him. Byron's famous couplet—"Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure;/ Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure"—might have been written with those two angry novels in mind. Pinkie Brown, the teenage Brighton thug, and Maurice Bendrix, Greene's atheistical alter ego, eat away at God and women like acid. (Pinkie actually carries a flask of vitriol.) His belief in heaven, Greene once noted, stemmed from his belief in hell. These emotions were deep-rooted.

As Sherry realizes, his subject's faith was sharpened by danger, conflict, and violence. Sex brought him in, but it took violence of a different sort to convert him. "In the dirt of Mexico, Greene became an ardent Catholic." But it was not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just the dirt—it was also the executions, the criminalization of faith, the desecration of churches that stimulated Greene. He wrote with passion of the torture, the bonfires, the priestly martyrs, and the seedy double agents of Elizabethan England. Pain and suffering were endemic to his belief, and to more than his belief: he sometimes encouraged his lovers to inflict cigarette burns on him, and spoke with regret of the fading of these love scars. *Faut souffrir pour être boss.*

A Catholic less like G. K. Chesterton could hardly be imagined, yet both shared a revealing preoccupation with paradox. In this connection, Greene often cited, as best embodying the shape of his fiction, lines from Browning's great poem "Bishop Blougram's Apology": "Our interest's on the dangerous edge of things: / The honest thief, the tender murderer, / The superstitious atheist . . ." Greene knew that not one person in a hundred would read the whole poem, or figure out why he really cited it. The bishop—and unconventional Catholic author—is being interviewed at dinner by a somewhat naïve journalist, whom he enjoys teasing as to his real beliefs and character. The journalist wants a straight answer: does Bishop Blougram believe in God or not? Blougram, well aware that his reputation depends on mystery, responds: "With me faith means perpetual unbelief." He wants to keep everyone guessing—and so, in an identical fashion, did Greene, who was capable of describing himself, similarly, as a "Catholic agnostic" or even, later, as a "Catholic atheist." Shelden's analysis of his use of this poem is spot-on, but Sherry refers to it only tangentially (and his hit-and-miss index omits the reference altogether). Greene, to whom belief came hard, and who took his baptismal name from St. Thomas the Doubter, was also protecting himself.

WHAT, THEN, DID HIS Catholicism offer him besides getting Vivien Dayrell-Browning to marry him, plus the solace of the confessional and the gift, or the trap, of unlooked-for conviction? It probably put a brake on his suicidal urges by branding self-destruction a mortal sin; but this did not stop his lifelong habit of deliberately putting himself in the way of potentially life-threatening situations, a kind of generic extension of his alleged (and possibly exaggerated) early experiments with Russian roulette. As A. H. Clough noted wryly in "The New Decalogue," "Thou shalt not kill, yet needst not strive, officiously, to keep alive." Nor, as both Sherry and Shelden make abundantly clear, did Catholicism cure Greene's admitted inability to change his compulsive sexual habits: the long-term adulterous relationships with married women (first Catherine Walston, and latterly Yvonne Cloetta), the regular recourse to prostitutes (Greene became notorious as a "brothel expert"). If absolution following confession was dependent on a firm determination to amend his ways, Greene admitted himself incapable of it.

Here, it could be argued, lay the root of his obsession with the notion of the sinner as potential saint. Others, he once confessed, might have a vocation to love God, but "some of us only have a vocation to love a human being." It was perhaps his most attractive admission. In his later years, Sherry claims, Greene "scotched the idea of sexual sin altogether"; but by then his erotic urge was fading, and he simply wanted to clear his slate. If it is true, as he claimed, that one of his and Catherine's private ambitions had been to make love behind every high altar they encountered, one can see his point.

At the same time he showed, in his novels and conceivably also in his life, a persistent (and very un-Catholic) urge to bargain with God, to wager the sacrifice of personal faith, or love, against a request for mercy to another soul. The best-known instance of this is Sarah, in *The End of the Affair*, promising to give up her atheist lover, Maurice Bendrix, if God saves him after his apparent death during a V1 "robot" bombing raid in wartime London. Not only does Bendrix survive virtually unharmed, but Sarah (who by keeping her part of the bargain suffers so miserably that the walk in pouring rain that leads directly to her death from pneumonia can be viewed as a kind of suicide) afterward seems to become the agent of a couple of minor miracles: the sinner-as-saint indeed. The masochistic streak in Greene is strong: even his faith is grounded in suffering. Sarah "caught faith like a disease," and the disease is predictably painful. The immense and enduring popularity of these novels suggests that Greene tapped into a deep inarticulate human vein of hope against the despair engendered by the prospect of eternal damnation: his tormented characters, their own faith always uncertain, reach out to an endless multitude of the desperate and silent. As another Catholic, Joseph Pearce, wrote in *Lay Witness*, "his fiction is gripping because it grapples with faith and disillusionment on the shifting sands of uncertainty in a relativistic age."

III.

THE PICTURE PRESENTED BY Sherry's investigations—not so different from that reached by Shelden, though marked by regular use of the soft pedal—is of a dark, secretive, often cruel, sexually voracious, and spiritually masochistic manic-depressive, who also, to complicate the issue, happened to be a creative genius. Even though Sherry was writing a biography, I cannot help wishing that he had concentrated more on the books as literature, rather than as mere pabulum for source-hunting, and less on the often bizarre erotic-cum-theological kinks of their creator. After all, Greene's enduring fame is not as an indefatigable pursuer, from Clapham Common to Sierra Leone and Saigon, of seedy prostitutes and other men's wives, but as the literary magician and master of English prose who wove such material, with the added spice of unorthodox Catholic soul-searching, into a series of memorable and sometimes great novels. Yet Sherry, who in this latest volume is more obsessive than ever in his determination to run down the originals of the novels' fictional characters, has never, to my knowledge, so much as analyzed the contents of Greene's personal library, and for a professor of English seems far more interested in personalia than in literary antecedents. Writers, as he of all people should not need reminding, draw their inspiration at least as much from books as from people; and Greene was an immensely well-read man, with a retentive memory and a deviously active subconscious mind.

A nice example from Greene's late period is Sherry's treatment of *Monsignor Quixote* (1982). "Where did this story come from?" he asks. Well, obviously Cervantes provided the name for the main character, but even here Sherry is more concerned with Greene's use of Father Leopoldo Durán, in whose company, with large supplies of wine and cheese aboard, he would motor around the Spanish countryside, arguing about religion and politics. In *Monsignor Qui-*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

xote, the priest's traveling companion is an equally voluble communist mayor, and at this point anyone whose literary memory stretches back as far as 1950 will develop a powerful sense of déjà vu. That was the year in which a vastly popular series of books by the Italian author Giovanni Guareschi, also featuring a guileless priest and a Communist mayor, began appearing in American translation. By far the best known was the first, *The Little World of Don Camillo*. It would have been virtually impossible for Greene to miss the Don Camillo series (one volume was actually a choice of the Catholic Family Book Club), and highly tempting, when his creative powers, thirty years later, were in decline, to borrow the formula for a quick rehashing of his jaunts with Father Durán.

I FIND THIS AT LEAST AS ENLIGHTening as Sherry's discovery, forty years on, of the once yellow-fanged *mestizo* with the neighing laugh on whose physical peculiarities Greene drew for the Judas figure in *The Power and the Glory*. I cannot, for the life of me, see his exhumation of the person behind this particular persona as adding anything of real value to our understanding or appreciation of the novel. And this is where Sherry's titanic endeavor fails us. In many ways he has constructed a memorable panorama of the splendors and miseries of a remarkable twentieth-century literary life: the backstage gossip; the editorial crises; the film work (both as critic and scriptwriter) that sharpened Greene's style and enhanced his visual imagery; the quarrels (e.g., with Anthony Burgess) and friendships (e.g., after a rocky start, with Alexander Korda); the Hemingway-like writing discipline, sometimes fueled by Benzedrine, of so many hundred words a day; the political celebrities courted (Castro, Torrijos) or skewered (Papa Doc Duvalier); and, above all, the great love affair with Catherine Walston that shaped the whole middle period of Greene's life and art. (The publicity handout describes her as his "beloved wife," a gaffe that Greene, for several reasons, would have relished.) All this is no small achievement.

Yet the truth is that while Sherry can and does show us the tools and the materials of Greene's trade, what he cannot fathom is the baffling magic that, again and again, turned dross gleaned from an often unappetizing life into pure gold. I have now read the trilogy through twice, and much though I enjoyed the incidentals (I was editorial adviser to Max Reinhardt at the Bodley Head in the late 1950s, when Greene was a wittily disruptive director), I don't think I am any the wiser as to the creative secrets of the major novels today than I was before. I have learned a good deal about their genesis, but the whole remains obstinately greater than the sum of its parts, even though the private life of their author is now more familiar to me than I find altogether comfortable. Despite Sherry's long and rambling chapter on Greene's religious beliefs, I can form no clear idea of his theology, or indeed of its precise relationship to his fiction, and suspect that this was also true of Greene himself. Let him have the last word. In a bleak letter to Vivien in 1948, he identified his antisocial tendencies as the result of a disease (it was depression) "profoundly antagonistic to ordinary domestic life. Unfortunately the disease is also one's material. Cure the disease and I doubt whether a writer would remain." Philoctetes was not the only figure in history torn between the wound and the bow. ■

E. V. Thaw

The Art of Money

DUVEEN: A LIFE IN ART
By Meryle Secrest
(Alfred A. Knopf, 517 pp., $35)

IT IS PROBABLY INEVITABLE THAT our era of multi-billionaires and $100 million Picassos should encourage the retelling of legendary stories of another era like our own, about one hundred years ago, when art-collecting became trophy-hunting and was more about money than about art.

Joseph Duveen (who became Sir Joseph Duveen and finally Lord Duveen of Millbank) was the leading member of a large Jewish family from Holland whose members were, over the generations, important art and antique dealers as well as interior decorators, beginning in the late Victorian years, lasting through the Great Depression, and fading away in the 1960s. Eventually he rose to dominance and majority ownership of the firm. Duveen was a spectacular performer as the star salesman for whatever old paintings were in fashion at the time, especially English portraits of nobility by the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century masters of such pictures from Gainsborough to Lawrence. These paintings were attractive to the new super-rich Americans: they were handsomely decorative in themselves, and they served as instant surrogate ancestors for the new family dynasties. Duveen not only sold Old Master paintings to his carefully nurtured clients; his firm was capable also of creating the entire décor and ambience to go with the paintings, down to ashtrays and dinner plates.

Meryle Secrest has specialized in biographies of well-known personages in the arts, including Bernard Berenson, Kenneth Clark, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Leonard Bernstein. Joseph Duveen, it may still be remembered, was the subject of a famous biography by S. N. Behrman, published to much acclaim in 1952. What Behrman's book lacked in accuracy it made up in humor, amusement, and style, leading to the Duveen story being made into a Broadway musical. But the archive of the Duveen business, and its extensive correspondence with collectors, experts, and fellow art dealers, had been deposited under seal at the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Edward Fowles, a lifelong employee of Duveen's who inherited the firm as the last man standing. It was unavailable for research until recently, and it has now gone to the Getty, where it is at last open for scholarly study. Secrest has availed herself well of these important resources.

Duveen's business practices seem less than admirable, as the story of the firm unfolds in Secrest's account, though the man himself remains fascinating and stubbornly likeable. He supervised every small detail when laying siege to a painting or a collection that he was determined to acquire, bombarding his clever and loyal staff with cables and bulletins about how to proceed every step of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way. When, with equal expense of energy and strategy, he sought to corral an affluent client who might buy a precious picture, he left no tricks unplayed, bribing butlers and other servants to keep him informed of his quarry's movements and alert to visits by rival dealers.

He loved to live on the same scale of luxury and grandeur as his clients, and was in some respects a fairly typical social climber, though he was motivated primarily by the desire to improve his business. He reveled in status, becoming acquainted with English kings, and was photographed as the newly created Lord Duveen in 1937, parading pompously in his coronation robes. The elevation to life peer came as a result of his particularly useful underwritings of superb gallery spaces at the Tate and the equally excellent British Museum installation for the Elgin Marbles. But in the matter of the Elgin Marbles he had much to answer for: he personally ordered the tragic, misguided, and stupidly harsh cleaning of those pieces, and had the terrible deed performed despite the disapproval of the British Museum curators.

BUT FAR AND AWAY THE MOST interesting part of the Duveen story concerns the curious and problematic relationship between the Duveen firm and Bernard Berenson, the art historian and connoisseur. Owing to his influential publications on the leading painters of the Italian schools in the Renaissance (which contained his lists of their authentic works), Berenson became the leading expert in the matter of the authenticity of such paintings. His credentials were further enhanced by his guru-like personality, his vast and ever-expanding library and photo archive, and his grand lifestyle in a large villa just outside Florence.

Berenson was a genuine connoisseur, but he was not a good character. In his desire for the money to support his luxurious existence, he took secret commissions from art dealers for the purchases that he recommended to the new American collectors who were also giving him a fee. As the market surged for early Italian pictures, Berenson began a contractual but undeclared association with the Duveen firm, advising them about acquisitions for stock from his wide knowledge of where the pictures were buried in private collections, and advising the clients he called "squillionaires" to buy from Duveen, especially the Italian pieces in which he had a secret ownership share (usually 25 percent of the selling price). His wife Mary, who seems to have kept the books in those days, wrote continually to Duveen, blatantly acknowledging two sets of books kept by the firm, and complaining that he was negligent in letting them know what shares were earned and to whom the sales were made, and also that his remittances were late.

In one of the famous dénouments of this tale of art-historical and commercial corruption, Berenson finally decided to assert some integrity and expiate some of his guilt by refusing to change his attribution of Lord Allendale's *Nativity* to Giorgione from early Titian, which is what he preferred to call it. Duveen had the painting sold to Samuel Kress as a Giorgione, his client having sufficient Titians in his collection but no Giorgione. Berenson consequently broke with the Duveen firm, moving to a similar arrangement with the even more secretive and powerful art firm of Wildenstein. Kress bought the painting after all and gave it to the National Gallery in Washington, and it has been accepted by a consensus of scholars as a Giorgione to this day.

THE MOST CURIOUS SECTION OF Secrest's book is an appendix called "Paintings, Sculpture, and Objects Sold or Donated by Joseph Duveen, 1900–1939: A Partial List." Here one reads alphabetical entries for works by artists, famous and obscure, sold with the attributions of Berenson and other scholars of the time, most having suffered substantial demotions to lesser names or "school of" and "follower of," and many resting now in storage in their respective museums. Those remaining in private collections have generally not suffered public demotions since they are not so regularly catalogued, published, and reviewed by successive generations of experts (until, that is, they are up for sale).

The list printed by Secrest is very incomplete, and wildly misleading in some cases where very great paintings have had name changes that do nothing to diminish their importance and their quality. But it is tantalizing as an example of the kind of basic research that remains to be done by art historians, and not journalists, into the workings of art markets. There have been fashions in the study of connoisseurship since the beginnings of art history as a discipline in the late nineteenth century. There is a regular oscillation between expansive and reductive tendencies on the question of attributing works to an artist's own hand. A generation ago Rembrandt was generally thought to have painted more than six hundred paintings. Between various catalogues published by scholars of varying reputations, the number of accepted works was slightly different, but a large core remained unchallenged. Today Rembrandt is credited with substantially fewer autograph works, and the number gets reduced all the time. As Seymour Slive once remarked, "Another conference on Rembrandt and he will cease to exist as an artist." Clearly, another generation will arise that will restore some (but not all) of the demoted paintings, and the same process will prevail in the study of the oeuvres of many, if not most, Old Masters of any consequence.

DUVEEN WAS AN AMUSING FELlow abounding in vivid anecdotes, a well-dressed Edwardian character with a touch of naïveté about his own pretensions. He was an actor much of the time, playing a part to make himself liked. But apart from his salesmanship and his up-and-down business success, he was not an important figure in the history of art or the history of taste. He wrote no significant articles or books, nor did he rediscover any neglected school of art. He made some philanthropic gestures, but no more than many others of his time and his wealth. But he was somewhat litigious and so he figured prominently in some major lawsuits that reverberate to this day. Secrest's thorough accounts of these controversies may be her most valuable contribution.

The case of the supposed version by Leonardo da Vinci of his painting *La Belle Ferronière*—the prime version of which is one of the treasures of the Louvre—is meticulously recounted. A certain Mrs. Andrée Hahn sued Duveen for "slander of goods" since he had refused to acknowledge her picture as a

Ulysses
Vintage book reviews from the pages of The New Republic.
Only at www.tnr.com/indexarts

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leonardo, and had repeated his opinion to a newspaper reporter. The case became complicated when clever lawyers got involved and well-known art experts, particularly Berenson, could not explain clearly for a jury or in pre-trial depositions how they could tell the real painting from the old copy. The case dragged on for some years, and after a mixed jury verdict the judge refused to dismiss the case in spite of overwhelming evidence. Duveen paid a large cash settlement rather than make another defense in court. This case poisoned the air for the freedom of experts to give opinions on works of art without fear of legal liability. It has not been invoked often, but I have myself been twice its victim for refusing to include a false painting in a catalogue raisonné that I was co-editing. That the artist in these cases was Jackson Pollock and not an Old Master did not change the legal issue.

Duveen was certainly the most colorful and self-promoting of the major art dealers of his gilded time, but he was not without strong rivals and business equals who sold masterworks comparable to Duveen's *The Blue Boy* by Gainsborough (now in the Huntington Collection near Pasadena) without calling in the press to announce another triumph. Wildenstein was arguably a richer family business, and legendary paintings and objects were handled by legendary art-dealing establishments such as Thomas Agnew and Colnaghi both in London, Durand-Ruel in Paris and New York (favored by the Havemeyers), and Jacques Seligmann, whose premises were the Palais de Sagan just outside Paris. But the chief competitor Duveen faced in selling to the new American super-rich was M. Knoedler and Co., which had the right social connections and partners who may never have heard of the artist whose work they were offering, but played a great game of golf, were eminently clubbable, and could play bridge with very rich ladies on the transatlantic steamers.

Knoedler had strong ties to Andrew Mellon that Duveen worked hard to interrupt, finally with success. But Knoedler differed from the great dealers from Europe in that the firm was primarily an agent looking for commissions and finder's fees rather than buying, holding, and selling for its own account. Thus Duveen would go deeply into debt to buy very expensive pictures and whole collections, while Knoedler, with its social connections and its smooth statesmanship, would be offered things on consignment and would be first in line for such opportunities as negotiating the sales from Soviet Russian museums for hard cash in the early Depression years.

The postmortems of the firm of Duveen are of interest, although Secrest does not really go into them. The senior employees apparently inherited what remained after Joseph's death in 1939. Finally it ended up in the hands of the lifelong employee Edward Fowles, whose wife Jean Douglas had been the wife of Langton Douglas, a bitter rival of Berenson's in the attribution game. Sometime in the 1970s Norton Simon purchased the entire remaining Duveen stock and building, selling off what he didn't want and keeping whatever was interesting for his superb museum in Pasadena. The price rumored for the whole thing including the real estate (now the Acquavella Galleries on 79th Street) was $4 million. The archives, remember, Fowles left at the Metropolitan Museum under seal.

The value of a biography of a leading figure such as Joseph Duveen lies in more than just the amusing stories. It is a contribution to the history of art markets, an extremely significant subject in the history of art that has been nearly ignored by historians. As a consequence of his need for publicity and his indefatigable self-advertisement, Duveen's career is better known than those of most of his fellow dealers of museum-quality material. The Wildensteins, for instance, were far more successful financially, but they were secretive beyond measure. No one, I think, will ever see those archives.

What is also curious is how great a role fashion has played in art markets. Italian Madonnas and altarpieces of the early Renaissance plus some eighteenth-century French pictures to go with the fancy furniture, and a few Dutchmen such as Hals, Rembrandt, and Vermeer—these, along with English portraits, were the sizzling goods of Old Master collecting in Duveen's time. No Baroque Italians such as Guercino and Reni; Caravaggio had not yet come back to much notice; Canaletto and Guardi were nice but cheap; and the world of contemporary art and its dealers, the other market of Duveen's age, was divided down the middle between the Impressionists and early moderns such as Monet, Degas, and Cézanne and the so-called academic or "pompier" artists (Bouguereau, Meissonier, Alma-Tadema), who have recently recovered much of their value. Joseph Duveen, while colorful as a personality and an important personage in the social history of art, cannot compare in importance with so many others in the ranks of great art dealers, such as Ambrose Vollard, Paul Durand-Ruel, D. H. Kahnweiler, or Félix Fénéon (of Bernheim-Jeune), all near contemporaries of Duveen who not only pandered to fashion but also spotted brilliant trends and supported them, sometimes painfully, until the world took notice. ■

(on the beauty of hematomas)

Blood allays itself. Pain remains the skin's secret,
Mapping the intruder till the end, and asking for soft knocks.
The bone-stuffed earth crunches underfoot. Time leaks out
of solitude,
Hence our little twosomes . . . When a violet flowers on the
thigh,

Suspicion is apt to fall on the devil, the senile old companion.
But it only blooms for days, Etruscan and beautiful, under
stockings and dress,
A pressed orchid. A blood-frilled quadrilateral
Becomes a chartreuse smear that mocks: "Look, you're
getting on."

And soon enough it's lost all value, the blue Mauritius above
the knee,
The duff spot.
Was man not the animal who chewed gum
When he left Eden and blasted off for the moon, surprised
by love and π
Like your foot when it sticks, in summer, to the asphalt.

DURS GRÜNBEIN

(translated from the German by Michael Hofmann)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMBRIDGE DIARIST

Reserving Judgment

FEW PEOPLE TODAY REMEMBER the radical, scornful Phil Ochs song from the 1960s, "Love Me, I'm a Liberal," in which the first-person subject announces that, among other daring activities, he reads THE NEW REPUBLIC. A different, fiercely pacific song by Ochs, "I Ain't Marching Anymore," still resonates because it seems to commit not just the singer, but the listener, to a real act of resistance. There's some frisson in the very thought. That was certainly the case during Vietnam. And a while back, when a handful of GIs in Iraq refused to perform a dangerous mission outside of Baghdad, some nostalgics imagined for a moment that a few Army recruits had resurrected the idealism of their youth. There have been such moments in Israel, too—like the I-won't-go letter a few years ago of some 250 reservists declaring their refusal to serve in the territories. This declaration of disobedience made left-wing Zionists everywhere feel virtuous. Now, it has passed into history, for which there were at least two reasons. The most obvious was that even deeply committed doves began to understand that Palestinian violence, quintessentially expressed in suicide bombings, was a deliberate strategy. This left Israel—the people, the people's army, and the government itself—few reasonable alternatives. The other factor undermining the disobedience effort was a deep, if somewhat informal, debate among younger officers over the legitimacy of the military's objectives—objectives that the younger officers concluded were set by *democratic means*. Resistance to genuinely democratic procedures in these circumstances is difficult to defend, and its last defenders seemed both vain and haughty.

THE PRESENT CALL TO DISOBEY military orders comes not from the left, but from the right, from a settler movement rightly fearful that Ariel Sharon's determination to withdraw from Gaza is an augury of what he (and the overwhelming majority of the Israeli public) intends in parts of the West Bank. A passel of rabbis has signed on to various fatwas endorsing, even mandating, soldiers' refusals to obey commands. Some in the Western press now envisage this challenge to government authority as auguring the inevitable civil war among the Jews that they have long predicted: It used to be the war between Ashkenazi and Sephardim, then between secular and ultra-orthodox. Like those, this present specter will also pass. Some of the dissenters, like their left-wing counterparts, have already renounced their pledges. Israelis value their democracy too much to tamper with its outcomes. In any case, the strength of the settler right has always been exaggerated. It is callous. It has cut down olive trees and harassed innocent Palestinians, truly terrible acts. But it has not embarked on a campaign of murder against its Arab neighbors. This is a big difference between them and Yasir Arafat's men.

NO ELECTION CAN BE CALLED FREE UNless Jimmy Carter observes it. Carter was among the 800-plus foreigners who descended on the Holy Land to watch. Among them, only Javier Solana, overseer of the European Union's systematic fawning over Arafat, believes as strongly in the Arafat view of the conflict as does Carter. (The former president's first act was to pay homage to the rais' ghost in Ramallah, and he dragged the stiffly befuddled Christine Todd Whitman with him.) In the end, all the outside observers said the elections went off fairly; even Carter admitted that "there is no Israeli intimidation I have seen." It was perhaps the most open election in Arab history, and that is partly a tribute to Israel. The Palestinians have learned from their occupiers that civil society requires free and orderly norms.

IN SHEER ELECTORAL TERMS, THE Palestinians are off to a salubrious start. Rhetorically, however, their elected leader has hardly digressed from Arafat's phantasmagoric promises. That may be the real reason Abu Mazen won so handily. The lesson of Palestinian history is that words matter; they condition the politics of the street. So let's establish the nonsense basics: The 1967 borders (which were not borders at all, but the flimsy, happenstance 1949 cease-fire lines where the exhausted armies stopped fighting) are bygones; there will never be a mass "return" of Palestinian "refugees" to within the agreed territories of Israel; the barrier separating what will ultimately be Palestine and Israel will not be taken down in our time, if ever; and the real territorial arrangements between Israel and its Arab neighbors have not yet been truly put on the table. This last subject is where true hope resides. The grand details, as envisioned by Israel, are imaginative and generous: swaps of land to and from Israel, Jordan, Egypt, Syria, and the new Palestine. Are the Palestinians ready for the fresh start circumstances demand? I doubt it but hope I'm wrong. I am sure that Sharon is ready. He possesses a remarkable ability to climb down from long-held positions. In doing this, he has made himself hostage to his enemies. In that lies his bravery.

"WE MUST SHAME THEM INTO HELPing," says the protagonist in the new movie *Hotel Rwanda*. But shame did not help, neither in Rwanda, nor the Congo, nor Bosnia, nor now in Sudan. And the person who could not be shamed is Kofi Annan. To be sure, America's record in these crises is not pretty. But it is Annan who has presided over so many state-made catastrophes that one would think he would want finally to retire from public life and do private penance for dulling the nascent conscience of mankind. It was in these pages that the first inklings that one of Annan's predecessors, Kurt Waldheim, was a Nazi were ever so gingerly aired. Annan's sins come nowhere close to Waldheim's. They are sins merely of omission, but sins nonetheless, committed in the open and on the record.

NOW WE LEARN FROM *THE NEW YORK Times* that a group of Annan's friends have met in secret and told him stiffly how to clean up his act—fire this person, promote that—and survive the two years left to his term. Some cause! This is not loyalty to an unfairly beleaguered friend; it is establishment cronyism. Even the merely tawdry transgressions of his service, or on his watch, should impel him to retire. But the fact that he did not try to rouse the moral instincts of mankind against one mass murder after another should fate him at least to silence. Taking the elevator down from the 38th floor of the Secretariat for the last time would be a good way to begin. **MARTIN PERETZ**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cutting-Edge Commentary on Public Policy

HOOVER DIGEST
RESEARCH AND OPINION ON PUBLIC POLICY

FREE ISSUE

Receive a complimentary issue of the latest Digest without obligation.

Call 800.935.2882 or visit www.hooverdigest.org

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

In the winter issue of the Hoover Digest . . .

Stay the Course—Except on Spending

An economic agenda for the second Bush administration

President Bush deserves generally very high marks on economic policy in his first term, although there were some stumbles (e.g., too much nondefense spending growth, steel tariffs). His approach to economics and economic policy—a combination of philosophical principles and practical business experience—will continue to serve him well in his second term. . . . In light of this, what should the second term agenda be? . . .

In the hurly-burly of political debate, [the president needs to] keep reminding all of us—Congress, policymakers, most of all, the public—that, just like a football, basketball, or baseball team, the agenda [he is] fighting for adds up to more than the sum of its parts.

A more modest role of government, lower and simpler taxes, slow growth of spending, modernized solvent entitlements, trade liberalization, regulatory and litigation reform, and support for sound monetary policy is *the recipe* most likely to lead to rising living standards, low unemployment, long economic expansions, less-frequent recessions, better-paying jobs, and upward mobility for those who have not yet made it up the economic ladder.

And the alternative of higher taxes, more spending, more regulation, and the like, is the poisonous brew that has led so many other developed economies, especially in Europe, to economic stagnation, double-digit unemployment, and socioeconomic ossification.

—Michael J. Boskin

Also in the new issue . . .

Bush's Historic Opportunity
By **Thomas Sowell**

The War of Ideas: An Assessment
By **Milton Friedman**

Our Kim Jong Il Problem
By **Henry S. Rowen**

How to Save the U.N. (If We Really Have To)
By **Charles Hill**

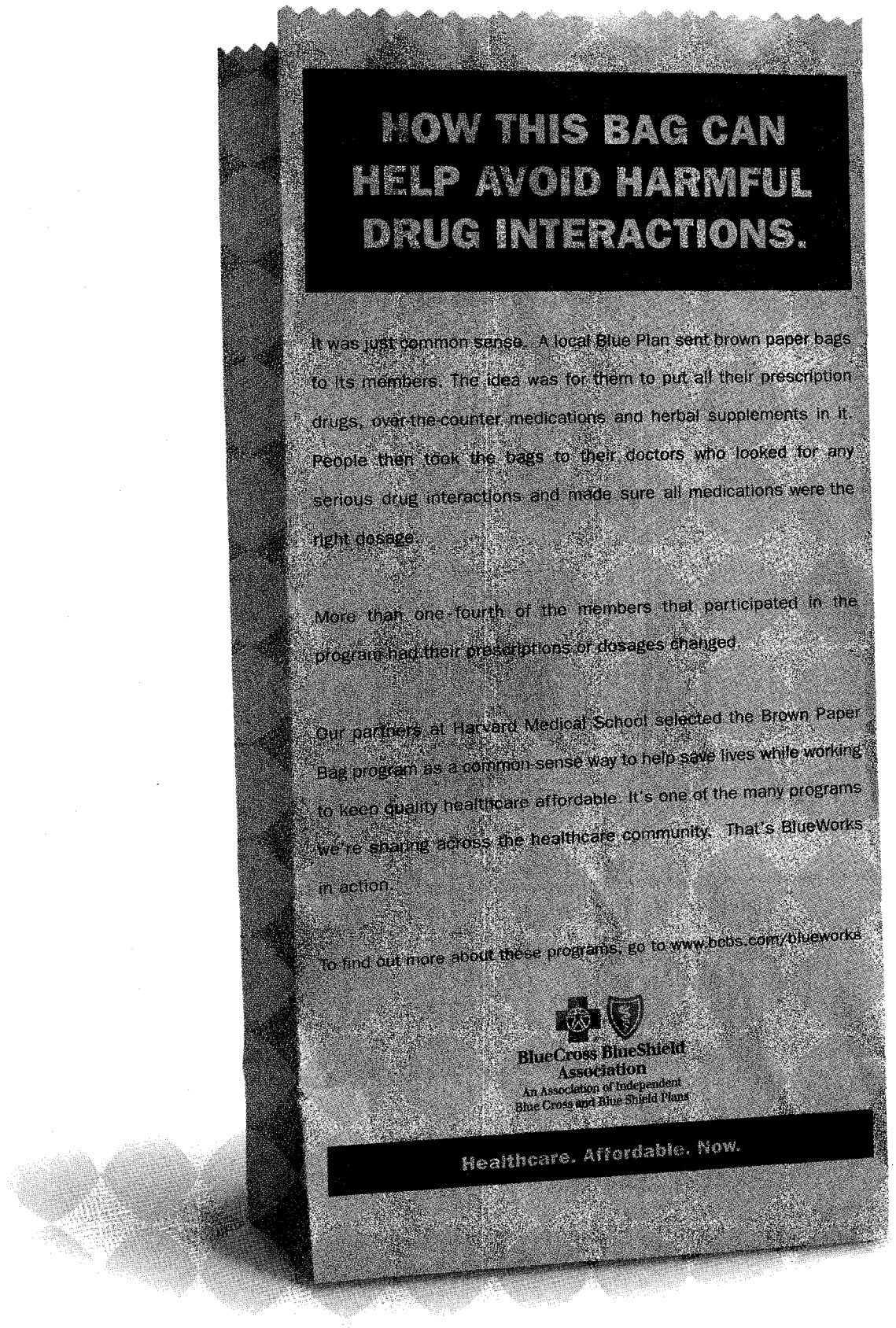
CALL 800.935.2882 TO RECEIVE A FREE ISSUE!

HOOVER INSTITUTION

. . . ideas defining a free society

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, Stanford California 94305-6010 Toll-free: 877.466.8374 Fax: 650.723.1687 info@hoover.stanford.edu www.hoover.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


HOW THIS BAG CAN HELP AVOID HARMFUL DRUG INTERACTIONS.
It was just common sense. A local Blue Plan sent brown paper bags to its members. The idea was for them to put all their prescription drugs, over-the-counter medications and herbal supplements in it. People then took the bags to their doctors who looked for any serious drug interactions and made sure all medications were the right dosage.
More than one-fourth of the members that participated in the program had their prescriptions or dosages changed.
Our partners at Harvard Medical School selected the Brown Paper Bag program as a common-sense way to help save lives while working to keep quality healthcare affordable. It's one of the many programs we're sharing across the healthcare community. That's BlueWorks in action.
To find out more about these programs, go to www.bcbs.com/blueworks
BlueCross BlueShield Association
An Association of Independent Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans
Healthcare. Affordable. Now.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED